

THE NAUTILUS.

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MARCH, 1907.

No. 5.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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Wallace D. Wattles
Salvarona
Ella Adelia Fletcher
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These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1906-7.
Others
Coming!

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

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 —Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

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MONTHLY,
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Telepathy As I Experience It.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Fasting is the "button to press" and lo—nature takes an easy course. I began learning to fast when I first took up the thread of your teaching. By the way, I received almost every word of your letter the morning of the day before your letter reached me. Would you call it telepathy or was it through the spirit? Would you explain for my satisfaction, whether you TRIED to send your thought *direct* to me. If you did, please send answer to this just that way, for wouldn't I be just as likely to receive it? I live so near my Creator that I have *no doubt* of the powers that could be made use of by and through those who become worthy, and capable. The telepathic message told me first to get up and take a long walk, and it said think nothing about meals, they don't do you any good, fasting is better for you, etc. I first thought it was not worth while to inform you of this, then I thought I would let you know just for fun."—A. I.

I would call it telepathy, and it was certainly "through the spirit" that communication was made. "The spirit" is the soul of the atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, and by mentally inhaling and exhaling which we grow in wisdom and knowledge.

When we speak the atmosphere vibrates and by this vibration the words are carried to the waiting ears of the listener.

When we think, the *soul* of the atmosphere vibrates, and by these vibrations our thought message is carried to the inner ears, the soul perception, may be externalized in the pineal gland of those about whom or to whom we think.

If they are quiet enough they hear our thoughts, just as, if they are quiet

enough, or not too distant, they hear our spoken words. The thought-word, the "silent word," has the advantage over the oral word in that it sets in motion finer vibrations which travel much more rapidly and to infinite distances.

We not only "hear ourselves think," literally, but we hear other people think, every day and probably every hour of our lives. But we do not always distinguish between our own thoughts and the thoughts of others. They sound all the same to the inner ear. Indeed, I am not sure that there *is* any thought except as the vibrations of the spirit, generally set in motion by other people's thoughts, flow against our inner ears. They say there is no sound where there are no ears to hear. Perhaps thought is the effect of finer vibration upon the inner ear.

But why do you receive a message one time and not another? Probably you receive *every* message sent you. But you generally *pay no attention* to them. After you have watched your own thoughts and emotions and motives for years you will begin to distinguish between them just as you do between the people you meet. Until a certain stage in our development our thoughts come and go without attracting our attention in the least. When we first begin to notice them we are shocked at the badness of a

good many of them, and try to chase them off, as we might try to chase off a lot of "bad" children who were stealing our grapes. And the thoughts keep coming back, just as the children do, when our backs are turned. Then by and by we give more *attention* to the thoughts; we begin to note *why* they are bad, *where* they come from and how we can *win* them to being "good." By observation we grow in thought-nature, just as by observing human beings we grow in knowledge of human nature. As we become more proficient in thought-nature, we are compelled to recognize telepathy as a fact. People receive my thought every day and all day! And hundreds of them recognize it, just as A. I. did. And I receive in the very same way the thoughts of my friends, from all over the land. Sometimes I recognize the thoughts as coming from others, sometimes I know from whom they come, but ordinarily I accept all thoughts as my own, and think nothing more about it. Wherever they originated they are mine when they reach me. They may come from friends or strangers, or from other-world people for aught I know, but when I catch them they are *mine*.

Of course *rapport* has everything to do with telepathic communication. I exchange thoughts with those who are in sympathy with me, and we who are in sympathy only exchange such thoughts as agree with both of us. My best friend could send me thoughts I could not receive, because they would be incompatible with me. I (and every body else) repel subconsciously and without effort all thoughts which *do not mix* with my organization of thought. If my best friend tried ever so hard to send me a statement in trigonometry I'd never get it, because I have no trigonometry thoughts to affinitize it, to take it in and hold it for me. If my friend sent me a thought of murder or arson I could not receive it, for

the same kind of reason. But any sort of thought with which I can sym-path-ize, I can receive, and do receive, whether consciously or unconsciously.

William and I exchange thoughts this way, every day and all day; maybe all night, too; and many times every day we catch ourselves at it. Every congenial couple does the same thing, but many of them fail to notice it, or, noticing it, call it "coincidence." Many a time when we have been separated, William and I have by telepathy influenced each other's actions.

And it is a frequent occurrence for me to write someone for a bit of information and have the answer reach me in a letter which crossed mine on the way. This has happened hundreds of times perhaps, in my correspondence with my children, when we were anywhere from a dozen miles to 3,500 miles apart. The same experience occurs repeatedly with friends whom I have never seen in the body. I have one such friend who is a very irregular correspondent, away down in South America, so far away his letters are a month on the way. I know when this friend is writing to me, or when he needs a message of cheer. And once when something happened which was of great importance to him and his family this thought transference made itself so plainly felt that I wrote the next day and asked what happened.

Our housekeeper is very sensitive to the thoughts of others. Many times I send her telepaths about the housework, and she almost invariably responds, though she probably does not know that I *intended* to direct her. And I can send direct to William's mother in the same way.

In time we shall all depend more upon telepathy, as we grow in ability to send messages, and to recognize them when they come to us. This will do away with

so much chatter, and we can save the rags for polishing purposes.

To succeed at telepathy observe these four things:

(1) *Think definitely* when you think at all.

(2) Listen to your own thoughts and be *guided* by them. When you *think* of doing a desirable thing, *do it*; instead of reasoning away the impulse and then saying later, "Well, now, I *thought* of that, but I couldn't see much sense in it and so I didn't do it; wish I had!"

(3) Never try to send a mental message to another to do some silly or irrelevant thing, just to see if he will get the message. If he hears your thought of that kind the chances are he will *instinctively* reject it for exactly what it is worth, and remember nothing about it. Then if he tells you he did not hear your thought your faith will shrink to nothing.

(4) Never use your thought to try to interfere with the right of individual choice of another. Send him thoughts of love, or health, or happiness, high ideals, self-control or success, if you want to, but *never* tell him he must cease to love another and love you, or that he must sell you his land at less than its value because you want it, or that he must give up his interests in anything, in favor of your way or interests. If you do send him such thoughts the chances are 999 to 1 that they will glance off his aura and never once touch his consciousness. If you persist they will *harden* him to *resist* you and your desires and mental messages though he may never guess why he resents you. But when once he gets hardened toward you, he will refuse to act upon *any* of your suggestions, even if he would really like to. You know how people resent verbal interference with their ways and plans; well, they resent mental interference just as surely and *far* more quickly, though in most cases they are themselves unconscious—as you are—of the *reason* for their resistance.

Observe these four rules and you cannot fail to gain good results for yourself and others, from the definite practice of telepathy. If you don't observe them you will only defeat yourself without in the least injuring others.

In the case of A. I., I made no attempt to send her a mental message. I dictated

the letter to a stenographer, thinking out the instructions very *definitely* and *positively*, and almost in the very order and words in which they were received. She was mentally listening, so she received the message as I thought it out.

But she would not be so apt to receive another message in the same way for three reasons:

First, her eagerness would tend to close off the vibrations by tensing the nerves and muscles.

Second, there would not be the same condition of *real* need for something I could send. If you will read up on cases of thought transference you will find some strong *emotion* entered into each successful case, and also there was strong attraction between the two persons concerned. Emotion lends *intensity* to thought and this makes a very definite and far-carrying thought. And the attraction between two persons otherwise called rapport or affinity, means that they are tuned to the same vibrations, the same thoughts. So each of them will naturally vibrate to the thoughts of the other, and the very intense thought of either would naturally make a strong impression upon the other.

Remember that where there is rapport between two people they are more or less constantly exchanging thoughts without noticing it. They only notice something specially intense and definite in the way of a thought transference.

We are all members of one body. The whole world is coming into rapport. We are *all* exchanging thoughts without noticing it except here and there. As we continue to take notice of *each other* and of *our own thoughts* we shall grow more sensitive to the world-thought.

As we continue to think more *definitely* and with *free emotion*, fuller universal love, all our thoughts will speed farther, faster and more positively.

So shall we grow together in wisdom, love, power. So shall we outgrow distance, time, and rag-chewing, with all misunderstanding.

For to know all thought is to love all thinkers.

And all that which is hidden shall be revealed through thought transference, in which we grow as we learn to love and condemn not.

Wonders of Modern Astronomy.

BY PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN.

INTERMINABLE SPACE.



Here is a photograph taken by Professor E. E. Barnard, of a dense and rich telescopic area in the Milky Way. The delicacy in detail is lost in making an engraving; but the original negative,

seen through a microscope, is an object so marvelous that astronomers are filled with awe when they gaze upon this wonder of the nineteenth century. This photograph is dotted with more than forty thousand tiny images of suns. All objects in the sky, seen at night, except the moon and five nearby local planets, are white-hot or red-hot glowing suns. The ordinary name given to the celestial hosts is stars. It ought to be dropped as it has no true astronomical meaning. Our sun is a modest little star although it is 1,310,000 times larger than the earth. The Milky Way, or Galaxy, is an apparent ring extending entirely around the universe of stars visible in the largest telescopes. It is composed of suns in literal millions. They are so remote that as seen from the earth, they appear to be close to each other, while really they are separated by millions and billions of miles. To the eye, the belt of soft radiant light looks like a continuous band of cloth of pearl, but telescopes have the effect of bringing objects nearer. This separates the filmy cloud into many millions of glittering, but minute points on the black background of space. At a distance, forest trees seem to be close together, but as they are approached they separate and stand alone. It is next to

impossible to describe the matchless beauty of the Milky Way as seen in a telescope of great power. Carpet a large room with black velvet. Have many electric lights in the ceiling. Throw down and scatter all over the black floor a bushel of minute diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, opals, amethysts and other gems. Then turn on the light. You would have a faint imitation of the supernal glories of the Galactic hosts. For the appalling depths of space look black in our great telescopes. In places, these suns look by perspective as though they were arranged in piles, heaps and banks; or built up into shining terraces. And they look as though raked into colossal windows, or twisted into spirals, or dashed into wisps and cosmic spray. In some places the concentration is so great and dense that only the most powerful telescopes on earth can magnify enough to bring out details. A few clusters exist that have not, so far, been resolved into these needle points. And the height of human happiness is to watch this vast congeries of distant suns in a huge telescope. An entire lifetime can be passed in exceeding great joy. To bring out the unutterable beauties, the observatory must be on a mountain above the dust layer that surrounds the earth. For one little particle of dust can hide an enormous sun, when its image is finer than the point of the finest needle. And then, there are gigantic caves, caverns or openings in this mighty stellar floor. They are as windows looking out into infinite wastes of space. Their mouths are jet black in contrast with the white banks of suns roundabout. One is always startled when the telescope sweeps from glowing areas of suns, over a black abyss, leading to

the unknowable. In August and September those unspeakably rich regions of the Galaxy, the zodiacal constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, hang up sidereal sheets of shimmer and sheen over the waste places of the Pacific and drag the careless garments as it were, in its waters. Nothing terrestrial hides the supernal vision, far and away to the South. The line of view goes over the plains of Paradise laden with oranges and lemons, almonds and apricots, and with carnations and roses, with heliotropes and hydrangeas. There are a hundred of these awe inspiring openings in this part of the zodiac, a place in space where the majestic cosmical scene reaches the limit of nature. It cannot produce greater magnificence, splendor and magical beauty.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Since man appeared, no more wonderful work of his hands has been wrought. The eye gazes while voice is hushed, but cannot see when turned away from the telescope. Images in the brain vanish instantly. But the sensitive plate stores light from the shades of falling night until the approach of dawn. All night exposures are made by the aid of a clock that turns the camera westward with precisely the same rate that the earth turns East. Entire millions of suns project their microscopic images on the plates that no telescope can see. Nature cannot lift a hand without being photographed. The imperturbable eye of man is always set on some part of the sidereal structure. The entire celestial vault has been photographed on over 25,000 distinct plates. Human speech is impotent and pen lifeless in any attempt to describe the intricacies and complexities of the universe of suns. Labyrinths, corridors, passageways and lanes, winding between stellar hosts, and to great starry fields, are ever on display. The minds of

mathematicians are overwhelmed, submerged and lost in wonder.

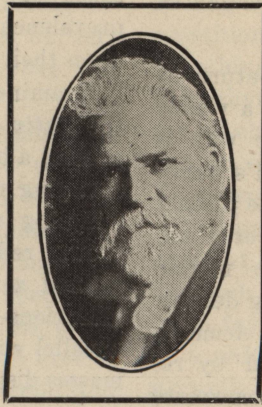
A JOURNEY TO THE GALAXY.

Let us mount the great telescope in this Lowe Observatory along with other complex instruments, such as telespectroscopes, telecameras, micrometers and reading microscopes, on a flat car and "launch out into the deep." We must take a parting look at our receding sun and earth and then watch the Milky Way before us. Let the car move one mile each minute and not stop. Let it keep going on and on during one billion years. Then it will be half way to the Galactic host of suns, on the minimum and most conservative estimate of its distance by modern astronomers. A billion is one thousand million. But no brain can comprehend one million years even. At this half-way point, let us take a photograph of the same spot in the Milky Way, that we photographed before starting, and compare the two. Nothing less than a powerful microscope could detect any difference between the negatives! The telescope would be unable to spread out the stars to more than minute microscopic distances apart; and be almost as powerless as when far and away back on the earth. Select two suns, that, as seen from the earth, were the one-fiftieth of one second of arc apart; then at the half-way place they would be the one twenty-fifth of a second apart. Both distances are microscopic. The unaided eye would not see any difference in the Milky Way after moving toward it with a speed of a mile per minute for one billion years. Four or five blank spots might be seen on the plate by the microscope. These are the places of missing suns, passed on the way out, and left in the rear. Upon looking backward, the full power of the telescope would be required to see "our" star—the sun, even if it could be identified among

millions like it. Let the flying car move onward during another billion years; then it might possibly be somewhere near the outside limits of the Galaxy.

During the final or home run of one hundred million years, we would take photographs at short intervals, say of one thousand years and compare with preceding photos. Differences would begin to be slightly more prominent, and the little dots wider and wider apart. In the course of more thousands of years, the thin white cloudlike effect of the Milky Way would disappear. And then low power instruments like opera glasses could see the widening spaces; and later the eye without aid, could observe the expanding distances between the myriads of suns. Drawing still nearer the mysterious object the suns would grow brighter and much farther apart. Keep on, and at the end of the two billion year journey, if you actually reach the Milky Way, you would not know it; for the celestial canopy of stars would look as it does when seen here from the earth. All the suns would appear to be as small and as far apart as they do from the earth's place in space. On our way we must have a care not to get anywhere near a star, for if we do, the car will burn to a cinder, and the glass and steel of the instruments melt in the terrific heat. No doubt now exists that the sidereal structure is shaped roughly like a convex lens, with diameter one way far greater than its thickness. Our sun and the earth are somewhere adjacent to the center; and upon looking through a great depth of stars towards the "edges," they appear as a confused cloudlike mass. Professor Simon Newcomb says: "There is every reason to believe that out of several hundred millions of stars in the universe, no more than 20,000 are within the distance corresponding to a parallax of 0.02 seconds of arc." Sci. Am. Supp. May 30-03.

But the Milky Way is more distant than any of the 20,000 stars. And for the purpose of this note, I used a parallax slightly less—0.019, which makes the Galaxy distant just one quadrillion miles. And a body moving one mile per minute, requires two billion years to traverse that mighty distance. We have used big numbers by selecting the snail's pace rate of only one mile per minute. So to avoid them, the unit speed adopted is 186,000 miles per second, the real velocity of light. There are 31,558,149 seconds in a sidereal year, and this number multiplied by 186,000, gives the true unit of measure always used in surveying space. And this awful speed, the time required for light to move one quadrillion miles is 170 years. I have given the extremely low distance for the Milky Way to not appear extravagant. It actually is much farther away. Many mathematicians have estimated that there are stars so enormously distant that it takes light from 3,000 to 15,000 years to come from them to the earth. No astronomer sets the time at less than 3,000 years. The 170 above is modest indeed. Since suns are sunk into such deeps that only the most powerful telescopes are able to see them, it follows that all habitable worlds are invisible. Suppose there are one billion suns,—without doubt there are many more,—and that each has eight worlds revolving around it, as is the case with our sun; then there would be eight billion planets. The whole of them could be annihilated at once and not be missed. The earth is unknown save to our nearby specks of neighbors such as Venus and Mars. It makes no difference to Nature whether the earth exists or not. The word parallax above, means the distance of the earth from the sun, as seen from a star. This distance usually looks like the diameter of a hair or spider's thread.—Lowe Observatory, Echo Mt., Cal., May, '06.



NEVER DESPAIR.

At times life breaks upon us with her ills,
A hopeless sky, a flight of lonely hills.
And yet there is one saving word for us:
Even the vanquished are victorious,
If from the wild disaster they arise
To press on with new purpose and new eyes.

Yes, since the grind of ages first began,
"Never despair" has been the word for man.
Onward forever breaking every bar:
There is no time to parley or retreat:
Up and away and onward toward the star,
Though the Earth turn to ashes under our feet.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE ABOUT MACROCOSMIC ACTIVITIES IN THE MICROCOSM.

With the identification of Saturn as the highest manifestation upon a visible plane of *Akashic* activity, the way is made plain for us to read God's hand-writing in the heavens, where he plainly discloses the whole scheme of creation,—the descent of spirit into matter through the gradually increasing density of the same, *primarily simple*, elements ever growing more complicated by repeated permutations as they become more gross.

This is the secret of the fact that "The chemistry of all parts of space is the same." But the puzzle of the scientist in all his investigations is the ever-recurring *Akasha*—the neutral point, the Sushumna, into which all activities disappear or merge. He calls it usually X; that is unknown—hence the X-ray; and the Gamma-ray of radium is thus classed. The ether of science is the grossest manifestation of *Akasha*, though Mme. Blavatsky says that on our plane, for us mortals, it is the seventh principle of the astral light, and three degrees higher than radiant matter.

In Jupiter the predominant *Tattva* is *Vayu*, next in order to *Akasha*. When near together Jupiter and Saturn disturb each other more than do any other planets. As there must be a close affinity between ether and air this is exactly what we should expect; but were it not for the vast space separating Jupiter from Mars—double the ratio of that between other planets according to Bode's symmetrical law of progression—there would be even greater disturbances when these two planets approach each other. As it is, the violent impact of their pre-

dominant *Tattvas*—Air and Fire—is the cause of thunder. The severity and prevalence of thunder storms depends upon their aspects one to another.

Examined through a large telescope, the *Tattvic* activities in Jupiter's globe present a beautiful picture of varied and changing color, olive-greens and purple mingling with the more predominant brown, red, and yellow. Although well-defined zones of reddish clouds—*Tejas* vibrations—stretch around the sphere parallel with Jupiter's equator, all these masses display the peculiarities of clouds, as in our earth atmosphere of air, moving with varying velocity in strong aerial currents and constantly changing their relative positions.

The equatorial belt itself, brilliantly lemon-hued or sometimes ruddy, shows *Prithivi*, and the region is sprinkled over with balloon-shaped white masses which are naturally *Apas*. These move faster than the darker and brighter-hued masses. The famous "great red spot," of vast dimensions, is an exception to the other evanescent phenomena; for, though changing hue from time to time, its stability of position has been an important aid to the astronomer in ascertaining not merely data concerning Jupiter but important facts in physics. The rapidity of changes upon the surface of the planet indicate to the scientist "a temperature not much short of incandescence." We who know the qualities of the *Tattvas* can recognize the source of this as the *Tejas* of the "great red spot," the next *Tattva* evolved after *Vayu*. Towards the poles of the planet the pure Jupiter vibration—*Vayu*—is seen in a vast expanse of blue and blue-grey.

When favorably placed in a nativity, the influence of Jupiter promotes a for-

tunate and honored life, and therefore he has been called "the god of fortune." Seen with the naked eye the planet is a beautiful object, shining with a silvery-white light; and it is so placed at present that no cloudless nights during the winter of 1906-7 can possibly be very dark. On moonless nights Jupiter may cast a shadow on the snow.

Astrologically considered, Jupiter represents the temperate, moist element in nature, its special function being to disintegrate and help to germinate; that is, to promote *change* in all things visible, and this we know to be the special attribute of *Vayu*,—motion, tireless, ceaseless motion, for which *Akasha* is ever at hand providing the space. The color and number of Jupiter's *four* moons is further corroboration of the *Tattvic* Law. There are two blue satellites and one red and one yellow. The *Apas Tattva* in the Jupiter atmosphere would reflect blue just as a body of water on the earth reflects the blue of an azure sky above it. Thus the Jupiter system reflects the law of system within system, every *Truti* of which manifests the whole law.

The characteristics of Mars, in which *Tejas* predominates, have always been so striking that there is a gratifying agreement in all speculations, records, and legends concerning the planet. There is great antagonism between Mars and Venus, as why should there not be since water extinguishes fire? Therefore, to secure a measure of stability, our earth comes between these natural enemies as a pacificator; and this greater planetary stability is reflected in the *Tattvic* changes in our bodies, which are smoother, more harmonious and imperceptible, flowing from *Tejas* into *Prithivi* and then into *Apas* than could be the case if *Apas* came next to *Tejas*.

Fevers and chills, blushing, and sudden waves of upheaving discord flowing

through the body are all manifestations of disorder in the flow of the *Tattvas*. And always the remedy is to face the situation—no matter what the cause—with mental poise and confidence; directing, as long as the disturbance lasts, frequent repetitions of the exercise in Alternate Breathing, and regularly inhaling deep, full, rhythmic breaths. Remember that for all chilly conditions the Held Breath is most efficacious. It may be repeated till perspiration is induced.

Through a telescope, Mars displays white at the polar caps; but the ardent, fiery orb appears, even to the naked eye when favorably situated for observation, of a reddish or orange hue. The fiery strength of *Tejas* vibrations, called into increased activity by all emotion and by feeling and by love, have always been recognized as stimulating the passions of man to strife and war; hence Mars was the god of war. During the rare periods of peace in Old Rome, all the panoply and pageantry of war, including the gorgeous red mantles, were treasured in the Temple of Mars.

The planet Mars is said to be always an enemy of Mercury, but this is the evil aspect of Mars,—the contentious state of the planetary vibrations which struggle against the higher and purer conditions of the Mercury influence. These are felt by all human beings in the proportion that they permit themselves to be swayed by passion and excitement without restraint of reason and will.

When fortunately placed at birth the influence of Mars gives to a character earnestness, patience, determination, and courage combined with gentleness. But the cruel, tyrannical, unjust man, always quarrelsome and often a vain boaster, is under the influence of Mars's most malefic vibrations. He is his own worst enemy, but unfortunately makes an atmosphere of unhappiness wherever he may be. He can win his freedom only

through self-conquest, and that is what his free will is for. I must insistently reiterate that every human being has the power to choose between the *Tattvic* vibrations which may thrill him with harmony or rend him with discord. The rays of certain *Tattvic* states will be reflected only when the surface is akin. Our thoughts govern that and attract to us our affinities. If we think passion and hate, *Tejas* is ever ready to supply the fuel. Every exhibition of ungoverned passion in man is a microcosmic cyclone, the path of whose destruction is limited by the chances of environment.

Although the earth, the most important planet to us, is commonly ignored in considering the planetary correspondences with the *Tattvas*, and the source of the *Prithivic* current has been sev-

erally attributed to the Sun, Mercury, and Jupiter, I deem this not merely short-sighted but a grave error, the only rational solution of which is that it was done in the first place "as a blind,"—a reason Mme. Blavatsky assigns for many puzzles. To do this is to take the earth out of its orbit, so to speak, and make of it an exception to the law. It is but logical to believe that as the *Akashic* current emanates from Saturn, and the *Vayu* from Jupiter, so also does the *Prithivic* current emanate from our Mother Earth. If we accept this as proved through the invariability of Natural Law, it explains perfectly the reason for the preponderating flow of *Prithivi* in our *Pranic* life-currents (see Chapter XIII). It is the *Tattva* of our environment, and in its normal flow puts us and holds us in sympathy with that environment.

Courage Dull Ears.

ANTOINETTE MAURICE.

Listen, the old pathetic cry, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." The wail of a soul worn out with burden of the body's dull ears. Let me respond, having "been there," half a lifetime.

Courage, my dear! It is hard to bear; but look the truth in the face. The great *I* within you is *not deaf*. The bodily ears are, to be sure, may never recover; but the soul hears all life's joyous music *if you insist*. My own simple remedy is, "Forget It." Impossible, you say? I have proved the reverse, and ask your credence, tendering your heartfelt sympathy. In everyday affairs employ the axiom, "Nature abhors a vacuum;" note how a void may be filled with new functions, thus your emptiness forgotten. Compel the mind into higher channels. Dwell on what you *have*, forgetting your lack. Have you not, for instance, the inestimable gift of *sight*? What compares with its wealth? Bid the "blues" good-bye, for warm friends abound; cheeriness is worth while to retain them. En-

joy the dear old green ball we inhabit, bathed in sunshine, with gladdening blue above. Try, as a primary lesson in the forget process, to *aid someone else*, even by a kind word. Beautify your home; fill it with bright and harmonious colors; adorn the rooms with pictures of great men and women, not omitting our contemporaries; pithy and inspiring mottoes on the walls, not only hung but studied, help wonderfully. Start each day with one of Mrs. Wilcox's sweet sermons in a sentence: "I will like what I have, if I can't have what I like." "*Today* I will be happy, and make others happy."

Fra Elbertus hits the nail, too: "Live one day at a time, *and be kind*." Forget the deafness today, *because you are busy being kind*! And as a crowning practice to adopt the precept of that big soul who bids us go into the silence: Go and pray; go and knock ourselves for our ingratitude in the midst of so many blessings—for our selfishness toward every man.

Try my remedy. It's free, not patented yet!



A Meditation For An Hour Of Extreme Weariness.



It is well for me to remember that fatigue *cannot* affect spirit. I am spirit-mind; hence I cannot, in reality, be weary. Spirit-mind needs neither sleep, food nor idleness. Its perpetual function is unwearied, unwearying action. I am a part of Divine Mind; hence I may claim the manifested functions of Divine Mind.

It is necessary for me to work uninterruptedly. I can do it. I shall not faint. I shall not fall. I am *well able* to do *all* that has been given me to do; the very fact that the task lies ready to my hand proves this. I can do it easily, perfectly, without fatigue, just as easily as God produces lilies upon a stalk, or grass upon the bosom of a meadow; just as perfectly as the bee forms its waxen cell, with as little conscious effort as the bird shows in its flight towards heaven.

“Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.”

—FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER V.

MIND CURES.

In the second article of this series I asserted that nothing can repair, restore, heal or renew the body or any part of it but vital power—the energy which is stored in the brain during sleep. Nothing but brain power, conducted to it over the “motor” nerves, can make a heart beat; and nothing but brain power can “strengthen” a weak heart. Nothing but brain power can cause a liver to secrete bile; and a “torpid” liver is one to which the brain power is imperfectly conducted or applied. Nothing but brain power can cause a movement of the bowels; the only power which can cure constipation is that which is stored in the brain during sleep. This is pretty hard for you to believe, if you have been taking medicines to “strengthen” your heart, “act” on your liver and “move” your bowels; but it is a demonstrable scientific fact nevertheless. How much medicine will it take to make a dead man’s heart beat, his liver act or his bowels move? Can medicine move heart, liver or bowels when the brain is not charged with life? The most that can be said of medicine is that it, (or the belief in it,) causes the brain power to be applied to certain parts of organs. You must understand that your liver like every other organ of your body is built and planned to be operated by brain power; it cannot be operated by medicine, or by anything else, any more than an electric motor can be made to run by turning a steam jet against it. The electric motor is only built to be run by one kind of power; and the same is true of the liver. There is not the slightest evidence that there is any “remedy” which can “act”

on the liver, or cause the liver to act; and this is true of all the viscera.

How, then, do we get effects from medicine? Let me show you. Suppose I begin to write here a detailed description of things good to eat—fried chicken, lemon pie, strawberries and cream—yum, yum! You read a little way, and you notice an increased flow of saliva into your mouth; it “makes your mouth water.” How can the thought of strawberries and cream cause the saliva to flow? Only by causing the brain power to be turned on; nothing but brain power can cause the salivary glands to act. Tickle the inside of the mouth with a straw and the saliva will flow; why? Because the afferent nerves carry the irritation to the brain and cause the power to be turned on. The power is turned on to the whole digestive system by the thought of eating; and it is withheld by anxiety, or the fear of indigestion; but that is another story, which I will tell you a little farther on.

Suppose, instead of strawberries and cream, I tell you of something horrible and disgusting,—say a dead cat. Pretty soon you begin to be nauseated; and you may even vomit. How can the thought of a dead cat cause vomiting? Only by causing the brain power to be turned on to the stomach with that intention; and that is the only way an emetic can produce its effect. Nothing but the brain can cause vomiting; an emetic introduced into a dead man’s stomach lies inert and powerless. Some emetics act through belief only; others, perhaps, irritate the sensory nerves of the stomach in such a way as to cause the power to be turned on; but it is always the brain which really empties the stomach.

Of course there are medicines which act directly on the parts with which they come in contact—corrosive chemicals which affect the lining membranes of the alimentary canal. These ought never to be taken, and the ignorance which prescribes them is homicidal. Irritation of the sensory nerves, in any part of the body, causes the power to be turned on in that direction. That, as I have mentioned in a previous article, explains the action of all “strengthening,” “soothing,” “healing” and other applications. A mustard plaster has no power to increase action in the parts beneath it; but its irritation causes the brain to act. Liniments, etc., cannot overcome morbid conditions; but by reflex action or by the patient’s faith, they may cause the direction of an increased amount of brain power to the affected part. And there is not the slightest evidence that medicines do or can “act” except as described above.

What I say of medicine applies also to massage and exercise. Massage may shake and work loose the obstructions to the circulation in a congested tissue; and it may cause the brain power to be turned on. It cannot increase “local action” because, strictly speaking, there is no local action; all action is from the brain. Shaking and pounding a torpid liver, loosens the morbid matter in the ducts and channels and draws power from the brain to move the matter on; but it does not cause the liver to act, for the liver never acts; the brain acts through it. This ought to be understood in applying massage: that there are two things to accomplish, the thorough loosening of the tissues and opening of the channels, and the turning on of power of the brain. Massage cannot “build up” a weak or defective part; only brain power can do that.

This is also true of exercise. Exercise does not strengthen weak parts; the

brain does that. Exercise does not make big muscles; the brain does *that* also! Don’t fly off the handle, you physical culture enthusiast; let me explain. How do you build up a weak part by exercise? Flex and relax the biceps muscles vigorously for a few moments; the quantity of blood flowing to it is greatly increased, and the blood carries the food; the muscle is fed more just in proportion as it is used more, and it grows larger and thicker. The benefit of exercise is that it turns the brain power to the part you wish to build up; and with brain power goes an increased blood supply, which carries the nourishment. So it is the brain which make the big muscles, you see. Exercise really tears a part down, and the brain restores it. And let me give you a gentle hint right here. If the above is true—and it surely is—*all* exercise is not beneficial to a sick man, but only those movements which direct the power to the afflicted part. If your back is weak and you take arm and leg exercises, you are drawing power away from the part you wish to help; that is the reason why “physical culture courses” under the guidance of pugilists and ex-champion wrestlers are as apt to do the sick harm as to do them good. For a weak back, take ten minutes night and morning of exercise which uses the muscles in the weak place; and do not neutralize the effect by going through other movements which draw the power to other parts of the body. Remember that ten minutes twice a day is worth more than two hours at irregular intervals; what you want to do is to regularly, systematically and continuously demand of the brain that a little more power and nourishment be sent to the weak part. *That* is the way to exercise scientifically for curative effect. Ask, and keep on asking, and ye shall receive.

That is you will receive if you put your mind into the demand. And now we are

at the *crux* of this whole healing business. Neither medicine, massage nor exercise can produce effect if opposed by the mind of the patient. I hope you will read and consider carefully what follows. It is the most important of all, so far.

Let a person be laid on his back on a bed, accurately balanced so that the head and foot may swing up and down; now let him be asked to perform severe mental labor, and the bed's head will tip down, because of an increased flow of blood to his head. Let him go through a series of leg exercises and the foot of the bed will tip down, because of the increased flow of blood to the legs, and mark! Let him *think* out the leg exercises, without moving a muscle, and the foot will go down, showing that it is the *intention* to move which sends the blood to the legs; and if the intention is formed in the mind, the power goes whether the movement is really executed or not. It is the *thought* of exercise, and not really the exercise which sends the blood to the muscle; and if the thought be withheld the exercise accomplishes next to nothing as a building process. That is why exercise which is taken under compulsion, which is a drag and a task, does no good. That is why mere muscular toil and drudgery rarely make strong men and women, but generally make weaker ones. Work or exercise to be beneficial must be done freely, joyously and confidently; if it be mechanical and automatic it is useless expenditure of power, and tears down instead of building up.

And if the positive thought of action can send power and nourishment to the muscles of the legs, it necessarily follows that the same must be true of all parts and organs of the body. The firm, steady concentration of thought upon the "torpid" liver with the positive will and purpose to make it "go" will certainly

cause action where action is possible at all. This is true of all cases of arrested action, unless there is some mechanical obstruction which requires massage, manipulation or surgery. If there is a part of the machine which isn't working, turn on the power by steady, concentrated, purposeful *thought*; understand that you possess at all times the power to control and direct your own vital power. And if there is a thought that turns on the power, so there must be thoughts that shut it off; and this we find by experiment to be true also. Fear or anxiety instantly arrests action. If you think of your liver with fear you shut off the power from it; if you think of your stomach with anxiety you deprive it of energy; if you think with fear or anxiety of the bowels you paralyze them. In most cases of constipation the cause is entirely in a habit of mind or thought which withholds power from the bowels. All cases of indigestion are greatly aggravated by anxious thought about the digestibility of foods. When you begin to worry about what you shall eat you begin to have dyspepsia. Don't think about the values or digestibility of different foods; eat what tastes good to you, but only eat from one-fifth to one-sixteenth of what your friends would like to have you eat. That is all that is necessary to cure stomach trouble. We hear it said of melancholy people that they have the blues because their livers are bad; that is generally the reverse of the truth; their livers are bad because they have the blues.

Remember that the calm, confident, purposeful thought of faith sends the life power flowing out; and the fear thought locks it in. And can we cultivate power to think the thoughts of faith and cheer, and avoid those of anxiety, fear and discouragement? Yes, and that will be the subject for the next and last article of this series.

The Nervous System of Jesus.

BY SALVARONA.

CHAPTER IV.



Having gained some general idea of the work done—in a general sense—by the mechanism of the nervous system of Jesus, it will be profitable to study the nature of the nervous forces of Jesus,

in a more *special* and systematic way.

In order to do this, we will consider his nervous system as divided into three mechanical pieces—or combination of pieces—of nervous mechanism, and which receive force and motion from each other. We will regard each one of these three nervous mechanisms—each in its own way—as a prime mover. Showing its special useful work in the energy exerted by it on the special class of muscles and tissues it uses in order to accomplish its purpose. The duty of any one of these three prime movers of nervous force—in the body of Jesus—may be studied according to its capacity for useful work according to some given unit of time—as a second—or a day. In the special spheres of Ethical Psychology and Moral Philosophy, these three classes of Nervous Mechanism in the body of Jesus will be seen to have their analogues in *Spiritual Hunger* as the Passion of *Involution*; in *Spiritual Justice* as the Passion of *Dissolution*; and in *Spiritual love* as the Passion of *Evolution*. Here are the three.

I. Nervous Forces and Nervous Organs whose nervous mechanisms were adapted to the work—on all planes—of *bringing things into* the body and mind of Jesus. This class of prime movers

of nervous energy I call his Nervous Forces of Involution.

Nervous Forces and Nervous Organs whose Nervous Mechanisms were adapted to *sorting* the things brought into the body and mind of Jesus. That is, of separating, distinguishing, cleansing, purifying the things previously brought into his body and mind by that class of prime movers of nervous energies called his Nervous Forces of Involution. This *sorting* class of prime movers of his nervous energies, I call his Nervous Forces of Dissolution.

Nervous Forces and Nervous Organs whose Nervous Mechanisms were adapted to *evolving* the things brought in and sorted by the two preceding classes as prime movers of his nervous energies. This *evolving* class I call his Nervous Forces of Evolution.

Now, for the student of elementary physiology to find the special nervous organs whose prime work was to *bring in things* to the body and mind of Jesus, he must classify certain nervous organs connected with the Special Senses and Voluntary Muscles of the Master. To ascertain the class of special nervous organs, whose prime work was to *sort the things* previously brought into the body and mind of Jesus, he must classify certain nervous organs connected with the Pneumogastric nervous system, as assisted by the Voluntary and Special Senses of the Master. To find out the class of special nervous organs, whose work was to *evolve the things* previously sorted and brought in by the work of the two former classes of Nervous organs the student must classify certain nervous organs connected with the sympathetic nervous system of Jesus, as assisted by this voluntary and special sense. Every motor nerve in the body of Jesus was therefore concerned with the work of bringing in, sorting, or

building things. And by finding out the special class of work done—in his body—by any special class of muscles to which a special class of motor nerves were attached, we should know whether the class of nervous vibrations were in-bringing, sorting, or building. Thus, suppose we found that two classes of motor nerves—as furnishing the molecular energy of the motions of vibrations of his nervous forces to two classes of the muscles of the Master—were adapted to sorting and building—through the special work of lifting, projecting or propelling liquids. We should then know that the *building* class of motor molecular energies was specially conducted by the motions or vibrations of his motor nervous forces acting along the motor *Sympathetic* nerve of the muscles of his heart. Which—mechanically—was a machine for the lifting, projecting, or propelling of liquid. As contrasted with the *building* class (of the motor nervous forces of the Master and the strictly evolutionary nature of their work) on the other hand the *sorting* class of his motor nervous forces, as related to the sorting, or rejecting of liquids by lifting, projection, or propulsion—was carried on by the motions or vibrations of those motor nervous forces, whose molecular energies operated along the motor nerve lines of his *Pneumogastric* nervous system. These motor nerve lines conducted vibrations of—sorting, purifying, cleansing, rejecting—molecular energies of nervous force to a definite class of the *Pneumogastric* muscles of the Master's body. Along his *Sympathetic* nerves coursed the nervous forces of Evolution. Down the nerve wires of his *Pneumogastric* nerves ran the nervous forces of Dissolution. Over the nerve lines of his cerebro-spinal nerves passed the vibrations of his nervous forces of Involution.

We have now arrived at the point where through the operation of these three classes of the Master's nerve machines for the development of the molecular energies of his nervous forces—we find his body a charged battery of vibrations.

Now, these vibrations, as expressions of the molecular energies of the motions of his nervous forces—as conserved pow-

ers—could have two general sources of expression. They could be used chiefly on its highest plane; and, as a means of assisting to express—through his brain—his Healing Thoughts to the Ages. Or, these vibrations could find their exclusive expression—in a strictly physical way—in assisting his locomotive muscles to overcome the muscular conditions of gravity. For years before he entered on his public mission, Jesus was engaged—like millions of the race—in manual labor as a carpenter; and to do manual labor, means the overcoming of gravity through muscular conditions. We may roughly conjecture, that Jesus, at certain periods, worked at an average of eight hours per day as a carpenter in Nazareth. Assuming that he did so and that he was the average weight of the Palestinian Hebrew of 143 pounds, and that an average day's work by him as a carpenter could be estimated in total foot-pounds; his labor would have to be tested by three standards, in order to arrange a table of the product of a day's work.

(a) By the vibrations of the molecular energy of the motions of his motor nervous forces as *effort* on his muscles, and the material he worked with.

(b) By the *velocity*—time—or rate of speed—by which his motor nervous forces could induce his muscles to act on the material per second or hour.

(c) By the *total* number of foot-pounds of resistance overcome.

Jesus	No. of Pounds Weight	No. of Feet per Second.	No. Hours Worked in the Day.		No. of Foot-Pounds per Day.
			No. of Hours	No. of Foot-Pounds per Second.	
1. Hammering at the carpenter's bench at Nazareth.	15	?	? 8	?	480,000
2. Lifting pieces of heavy wood by his hands, in his shop.	44	0.55	6	22.2	522,720
3. Pushing a heavy carpenter's tool in his shop.	26	2.0	8	53	1,526,400
4. Raising his own weight up a ladder.	143	0.5	8	72.5	2,088,000

(To be Continued.)

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story by Eleanor Kirk.

For Boys and Girls, Young or Old, who may Think they "Can't" Do Things.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EFFECT OF A WORD.

"How about the others?" Adele asked the next morning when Miss Harkness with very evident pleasure told her that she was promoted.

"The majority of them squeezed through," the teacher replied.

"Well, I had rather be left over than squeeze through," said Adele with reddening cheeks. "Did I do that?"

"No, indeed," was the hearty response. "You have passed with honor. Of course you were not quite up to the work in arithmetic, but the reports in all your other studies were too good to permit of your being left back. Then, my dear, we are quite sure that you will redeem your record next term."

"That's true," said Adele simply, "but I don't see how you found it out. Oh! Miss Harkness," she added joyfully, "I am going to begin at the very beginning of my arithmetic and find out what rules and things I don't know. Whenever I have complained to my Grandma about my problems, she has always said, 'Adele, you have dropped some stitches and that is what makes your work so shabby.' I know now that she is right. I mean to study some every day all summer, and when I come back to school I shall be ready for the next class. Isn't it lovely, Miss Harkness?"

"That delights my heart," the teacher replied. "Now we shall have an all-round student—no weak place in the circle."

"I intend it shall be so," said Adele with decision, "and now Miss Harkness, will you please answer me a question?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Will you please tell me why you sent me to Miss Eaton that morning?"

"Because, my dear, I knew she would help you; because I knew you needed help and were ready for it."

"Ready?" Adele replied, looking perplexed.

"Yes, any girl who will go to God for help as you did is ready for the right word."

"But, why didn't you say it?" was the next question.

"Because Miss Eaton has had more experience in the work than I have," was the smiling response.

"What work?"

"The work of explaining God," was the solemn reply.

"I'm sure I don't see how that can be done," said Adele, "but if one can learn to do it, I should think it would be much nicer than teaching arithmetic—but my! What a lot one must have to learn."

"Oh! No, not so much," said her companion, "just to love God with all your heart and soul, to have no other God before Him, and to love your neighbor as yourself."

Adele shook her head and made no answer. She had heard these things repeated in Sunday school ever since she could remember, but they had meant little or nothing to her. Child though she was, she now realized that most of the people she knew simply talked about these things—lived on the outside of them instead of in them. When she looked up again Miss Harkness had vanished, and there was a great commotion about a girl who had "fainted dead away because she had not been promoted."

"I wonder what it is like to faint away," said Adele to herself as she left the building for the last time that year. "I hope I shall never do it," and then Loyd Burton, one of Tom's friends, joined her, looking very melancholy, indeed.

"I guess I'm a goner, Dell," he remarked, "and if I am—if I am"—

"Not promoted?" Adele asked in surprise for Loyd Burton was accounted an exceedingly smart fellow.

"Don't know yet; there seems to be some doubt about it. The coroners are still setting on me, but I tell you if I'm not promoted—I tell you if I'm not promoted—there will be trouble—yes, sir—trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" Adele asked with a smile which was almost a laugh; her companion's manner was so ludicrously tragic that it was hard to keep a normal countenance.

"You'll see what kind of trouble; and let me tell you one thing, not even Tom Merrill can persuade me from it."

"Couldn't you do your problems?" Adele inquired.

"Of course I could. Boys never have any trouble in mathematics."

Here it was again—the same old story and Adele was not quite proof against what she felt to be the injustice of it.

"I guess girls could learn arithmetic just as well as boys," she replied a little hotly, "if they had not always been told they couldn't."

"What ridiculous stuff," said Loyd, "who ever told you that?"

"I have always been told it," said Adele, "and all the other girls that I know have had it pounded into them. I *know* it isn't so Loyd Burton," she added with spirit, "because all the world couldn't make me believe that God could show partiality."

"What church do you belong to?" Loyd inquired with a suspicion of a sneer.

"No church," said Adele, "I'm not old enough."

"Oh! Well," the boy replied, "girls are funny. I think my sister Sarah would join the Salvation Army if the folks would let her. Sarah can preach you bet—and—my gracious! How I shall catch it if I'm not promoted—that is if I give her a chance to go for me, but I know a story worth two of that."

Adele understood. Her companion, in the event of an unfavorable report was planning to run away. Why were things so crooked, she wondered, when they might be so straight?

"I guess I'd try and think about my mother and father and Sarah and all the rest if I were in your place," said Adele with great earnestness.

"If you think," the boy broke in hotly, "that I am such a cowardly cad as to go back to a school where I have been disgraced you are very much mistaken."

The answer to this question was simple, straight-to-the-point and, as humanly considered, wise beyond the girl's years.

"Who disgraced you?" she asked, looking him straight in the face.

There was no response. Side by side, without another word for one full block the youngsters traveled. Then Loyd stopped short.

"I guess I'll go back," he said, "and see"—he added half haltingly, "if—if there is any news."

"All right," Adele replied with brightening face, "come round and see Tom," and then Loyd lifted his cap and went spurting up the avenue.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LITTLE LEAVEN.

To Mr. Merrill it seemed as if something wonderful had happened. Ever since the night of the prayer he had been thinking and his thoughts were most unusual ones. Some-

times is seemed to him as if there was something almost uncanny in his little daughter's change toward her once hated study, arithmetic. He recalled the evenings he had struggled with what seemed to him her feeble mathematical capacity, and now here she was sufficient unto herself and he was perfectly aware that the new—whatever it was—had come to stay. It was no sudden spurt, no plucky resolve to be lost sight of when pleasure beckened or problems became more difficult. It was a complete turnabout and he could not comprehend it.

But that prayer? It was with him in his business calculations, and in all his journeyings to and from the office. It was his last thought at night and his first in the morning. Sometimes he smiled at its almost comical crudity, then his eyes would grow misty at the remembrance of the plaintive pleading and the sweet, sobbing voice.

This influence was so potent that Mr. Merrill commenced to ask questions. In the meantime Adele went in and out as happy as a girl could be, and quite unconscious that she was the subject of remark. She did notice, however, that both her parents seemed more lovingly interested in her than ever before, and once she said to herself:

"It is all because I am really a better girl. I don't see how papa ever did have patience with me, and mamma, too. I wasn't any company for her—all the time fussing about my arithmetic."

In the meantime papa was thinking that he hadn't been nearly so kind to his dear little girl as he should have been, while mamma—just think of it—had told Tom in confidence that she was almost persuaded to take a course in mathematics, just to prove whether she was right or wrong in her theory in regard to the difference between girls and boys. Then Tom had let out a real Uncle Harry yell, which caused mamma to clap her hands over her ears, and declare that however it might be with other things there was just one thing that she would stick to as long as she lived.

"All right, stick," Tom replied with another "handed down" burst of laughter. "But, mamma, don't you see you couldn't learn arithmetic now? You are too old."

"You are a very impertinent boy," said his mother. "Why it was only this morning your father told me that I was not looking a day older than when we were married."

"Well, you'll grow old fast if you take to arithmetic," Tom replied, "and you won't get

any more bouquets thrown at you either, for I'll bet you will wear the governor out worse than ever Adele did. But, mamma," this after a pause, "I don't believe she will ever bother him again. Doesn't she seem kinder grown up to you?"

"Not grown up, but wakened up," said his mother. "She was always the dearest child. Her grandfather Merrill always called her 'The Lord's child.'"

"She's a pretty nice girl," was the appreciative answer, and then Tom went whistling up the stairs to examine his fishing tackle for the summer, and every once in a while chuckling as he thought of his mother with pad and pencil studying arithmetic.

In the meantime there was a surprise in store for the children and especially for Adele. Mamma had called upon Miss Eaton and invited her to dinner and the lovely function was to come off that very evening.

Later in the afternoon when Adele and Tom met, the latter apparently much excited remarked—

"Well, Adele Merrill, I have just left Loyd Burton, and—

"Oh! Tom—Tom, tell me quick—did he pass? I was so sorry for him this afternoon."—Adele interrupted.

"Sorry?" Tom repeated, "you took a queer way to show it."

"Well, I was sorry—poor boy—he was all worked up. Please tell me; did he pass?"

"Adele, I don't see how you can look me in the face," the boy responded. "Loyd tells me that you struck him an awful blow right under the collar, up here on the avenue somewhere, and he says he shall never forget it as long as he lives. It would have been bad enough if you had struck him under cover but on the street—well, well, well."

"It is too bad," Adele replied with a swift comprehension of the joke, "but that boy was in an awful state. He talked as if he were going to run away. I don't know what I did," she added thoughtfully, "but I didn't mean to hurt his feelings. And now please tell me did he pass?"

"Yes, he passed."

"Oh! Goody, goody, goody!" exclaimed the girl.

"I guess he has been pretty obstreperous all this term," said Tom. "He couldn't bear his history teacher, and Loyd can be as sassy as any fellow I ever knew. I'll bet he used some pretty stiff English to the Professor."

"Maybe it's a good thing he got scared," said Adele after a pause.

"Well, I will tell you what I think," said Tom, "I think it's all a mess. It doesn't seem as if a fellow could have any fun without—well, without getting into trouble."

"I don't see any fun in being impudent to your teacher," his companion replied.

"That's because you are a girl," was the unexpected response. "Sometimes it's immense."

"Because I'm a girl," repeated Adele with telling emphasis. "Loyd Burton is a boy, and I am a girl, but this afternoon he was a coward, and that I never would be."

"Whizzaree!" Tom exclaimed in unfeigned astonishment. "And you wanted a coward to pass."

"I am glad he has passed and I think he will do better next term," was the simple answer.

"Well, anyhow, this is the message Loyd sent you. 'Tell Adele,' he said, 'that I am much obliged to her for knocking me down and sweeping up the sidewalk with me, and some day I'll come in and thank her myself.' I don't see anything very cowardly about that," Tom added.

"Nor I," his sister replied.

Just here mamma came in to say it was time to dress for dinner, and to her son she said:

"And for pity's sake, Tom, do you see that your hands are clean?"

"Why don't you tell Adele to have her hands clean?" Tom inquired, a little piqued.

"Because, Mr. Tom Merrill," Adele responded, holding the knob of the door in her hand so that she need not be caught, "because Adele is a girl and knows enough to be neat."

Bang, bang, bang, went Tom upstairs, but Adele was too fleet for him, and the masterful boy found himself locked out.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Achievement.

There is no more a closed door,
 God swings the portal in my sight,
 And I, a prince of royal blood,
 I, heir to every grace and good,
 Step boldly in and claim my right!

—Susie M. Best.

He That Seeketh.

By ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

There was a time when I used to wonder how even Omniscience could care for His millions of children as we are taught to believe He does care without occasionally getting His threads tangled. For instance, how could He be sure that in granting my wish, He wasn't interfering with some one else's desires. The easiest way out of the puzzle seemed to be the old-fashioned belief in divine favoritism. The elect, for instance, could depend upon getting answers to their prayers; other people might *hope* for answers, but, not being the good children of the school, they must content themselves with second chance.

This, however, didn't accord with New Thought teaching. The new teaching was that God was not only willing but anxious that *all* of His children should have all that they really desired. It was too big a puzzle for me, and I gave it up. God would supply my needs if I would but believe and give Him a chance, and this I determined to do.

At this time I was running a small publishing business in a western town. The books I put out were needed by the public, but they weren't all aware of the fact. I tried my best to make them realize that they wanted what I had, but I was not as successful as I desired to be. I generally managed to make expenses, but that was about all.

One day my memorandum calendar informed me that I had a note for \$50 falling due at the bank in two days. I had had an unusually heavy run of expenses and not only had no cash on hand but must make a deposit at the bank to meet the last checks sent out the day before. I felt decidedly "up against it," especially as the day went by and the mails brought no returns. The

next day saw me square with the world as far as my bank account was concerned; but where was that fifty dollars coming from?

Just then my recently acquired New Thought doctrines came to my mind. "Ask and ye *shall* receive." "Every need has its supply in the Divine economy." "God will give, if we will but take."

These sentences ran through my mind.

"Well," said I to myself; "here's a chance to prove how much faith I have." Not prove the statements, notice, for I believed them to be true and unchangeable. If any failure came, it would be because of a lack on my part, not God's; of that I was thoroughly convinced.

"Oh, God," I said with all the sincerity of my conviction, "I know you have this fifty dollars for me. Just help me to put out my hand and take it."

With that I let the matter drop. I went about my business with an easy mind. I didn't try to think out schemes for getting the needed money. God had it for me somewhere, and when the moment of need arrived, He would see that it came into my possession. Nor could I have foreseen the manner in which it came to me. That was the wonderful part to me. If someone had paid an old, outstanding account I wouldn't have been surprised; possibly I wouldn't so fully have realized God's hand in the matter. But as it was—

The next morning I found in my mail a letter from a woman whom I had never seen or even heard of, enclosing a New York draft for fifty dollars *to be placed to her credit* on my books. I was asked to send her about two dollars worth of books! the rest she would order from time to time.

"Surely the ways of the Lord are past finding out," I said to myself.

But I was to learn still another lesson from this experience.

Two years went by, and there was still forty-eight dollars to the credit of my unknown correspondent. Then I received a letter from her.

She had recently married, was going abroad, and wanted the money to use on her trip.

I hadn't the money ready to send her at so short a notice; but I had an agent in London who had been owing me that much money (and a little more) for some time. I had been experiencing difficulty in getting the money from him, but possibly a personal interview would be more effective. So the necessary letters were sent out to both parties.

A few months later I received a letter from the bride, stating that she had secured the money without any difficulty.

A year or so later I met my correspondent, and, feeling that she was a friend of long standing, told her of my experience.

"Now," I said, "how did you happen to send that fifty dollars to me, a complete stranger?"

"I don't know," she replied thoughtfully. "The money came into my hands,

and something seemed to tell me to send it to you. I wanted some books; I thought I might want more, and the suggestion seemed a good one. So I followed the voice and sent it to you."

"You were an obedient child," I said, "and I have to thank you for your promptness."

"It was the best thing for me, too," she replied earnestly. "If I had had the money in my possession, it would have been spent long before my marriage. Why, even if you'd sent it to me when I first asked you, it would have gone into preparations for the journey. But as it was, I got the money just in time to take the long desired trip to Oberammergau, which would otherwise have been an impossibility."

"Evidently our Father knew what He was about," said I.

Yes, the Lord knows what He is about. I have learned that He withholds no good thing from His children. He made the supplying of my need work to the benefit of my neighbor and the supplying of her need work to my benefit. I have learned to trust him implicitly, and He has led me into a broader, more successful life than I had even dreamed would be possible for me.

FORGIVE—FORGET.

By MARCHESA FLORENCE ALLI-MACCARANI.

The world has scorned and wronged thee, thou would'st fain
In the grave's darkness thy life's sun were set,
For thou art tired of treachery and pain?

Dearest, forgive—forget.

The little selfish souls thou blamest so,
Sought but the happiness earth could not give,
And they will find like thee but grief and woe;

Dearest, forget—forgive.

If father, brother, husband, child alone
Should leave thee and forsake thee, do not fret,
They're but the swaddling clothes thy soul's outgrown;

Dearest, forgive—forget.

From its own ashes must the phoenix rise,
The whole world's cinders could not make it live;
For thy own heart the germ of freedom lies.

Dearest, forget—forgive.

Let Your Mind Mind Its Business.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

In nearly all adults the natural action of the functions of the body is constantly being checked by the mind.

A child does not doubt or question about his body, if he be a healthy child whose parents are not over anxious about his welfare, and consequently he goes on his way rejoicing in life, until he becomes old enough to accept the orthodox, world wide superstitions, born of fear and doubt, concerning the uncertainties of life.

Only this morning a woman was telling me that when she was a child she used to wonder how people could *remember* in the morning their experiences and feelings during the night. How they were too cold or too warm. How they lay awake because the wind blew. How they "got to thinking" about 'this, that or the other thing and couldn't get to sleep "for the longest time." The speaker used to go to bed and fall asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and she was oblivious to everything external until morning.

Few adults can sleep like this, and the reason is that the mind is allowed to usurp its rightful functions and create all sorts of devils to harass the body and keep it from getting proper rest at night.

We worry about what is going to happen tomorrow, or about what happened during the day. Or about how we are going to act under certain hypothetical circumstances—which in about nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand will never have any real existence. All this *ties up* the nerves and muscles, and when at last the tired body does relax a little and sleep comes, the mind only allows rest for a brief period, and during that time the body is not relaxed as it should be.

This is only one way in which the mind undertakes to "boss" the body, not intentionally, to the detriment of health.

At meal times the mind is apt to be running on to what you are going to do next. This causes imperfect mastication, and more trouble for the body. After the meals many people are in the habit of immediately rushing into work, which is accompanied by more or less hurry and worry, and again the functions of digestion have an uphill job to do *their* work properly.

After a little of this hurrying and worrying along comes another devil—a worse one—called fear. He is the product, the offspring, of hurry and worry.

Fear goes a step further in his effect upon the body.

Fear, if strong enough and indulged enough, poisons the secretions of the stomach and produces chronic indigestion.

Anger, a side product of fear, will affect the body in a similar way.

And just note, if you please, that all these unpleasant conditions constantly tend to become fixed by habit.

Once you get started to hurrying and worrying you are very apt to keep it up.

Then when your digestion gets poor, or something else goes wrong with your body you worry about that, and then you *do* interfere with the normal action of the bodily functions.

The truth is that Americans are over developed so far as brain and nerves are concerned.

We need to cultivate placidity and do less rushing about, less working *under tension*. That is what causes the trouble, working constantly at too high a tension.

If we can cross some of this restless, nervous energy with the calmness of the

oriental races, we shall become better balanced.

We need a little more faith, a little less materialism.

Faith in Nature, in the general plan of life, prevents worry and fretting.

If we can realize that the world does not rest upon our shoulders, that it is not necessary for us to strive so intensely to *make* things come to pass, but that *the One Life lives through us* and will supply all our needs if we trust it and do not shut it out by the tension of worry and hurry, then we shall be in a position to enjoy living a little more.

Seek to become at-one with the *Principle* of Life, upon which the material manifestation depends, and you will not need to hurry and worry so much.

Take time to let your bodily functions do their work, and don't worry about them. The *Life Principle* will meet all their demands if only you do not interfere with your mind and hold them back from normal action.

Retire long enough from the rush and bustle and noise of life to get a little acquainted with yourself and Life—real Life—Nature—Divine Principle. Seek these in silence and meditation. Seek them by *faith*.. Thus you will find your life forces renewed, and come to experience a repose and sense of calmness and poise heretofore unknown.

Just remember this: You have nothing to worry about; you have no need to hurry; you need never strive unduly—because the Universal Life is individualized in you, and will meet all your needs and all your demands if you will simply let it.

Excuses may pass in Polite Society, but Polite Business requires that you deliver the goods, and do it on time. Wherein Business is a better school master than Polite Society.—E. T.

Our Annual Pow Wow.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

It was somewhat delayed this year, because some of the girls were out.

So we had it last Thursday, January 31, at five p. m.

Soon after the City Hall clock struck five, the girls were rushing for the cloak rooms, amid plenty of talk and giggles, and a few minutes later they came rushing back to my office, each one bearing a chair or stool.

My mother, who is advanced in years and hasn't been to meeting for a long time, came down from upstairs, and was given a front seat in the rocking chair. Mrs. Wheeler and Abbie, with clean dresses and looking slick as pins, also came down. And Bobbie, who acts as office boy, snow shoveller, etc., etc., out of school hours, came up from the basement, where he had been sifting ashes, and sat on a high stool between Agnes, the yellow haired girl who sings at mass, and Pamela.

When all were seated, Mrs. Towne stood in her office, which connects with mine by folding doors, and counted her audience to see that none were missing. There were sixteen I believe, not counting myself, I being seated on the top of Ellen's desk a little back of the speaker.

The first matter brought up was a petition from the girls relating to Saturday half holidays. This having been discussed was left partly in the air.

And next, two prizes were awarded. These prizes, which we have offered each year for sometime past, are given for the purpose of cultivating that most valuable of all traits, initiative, and to induce the girls to keep their desks neat—\$10 to the girl who displays the most initiative during the year, and \$5 to the girl who keeps her desk the neatest.

The \$10 prize was awarded to Leila, now Mrs. Towne's head clerk, and who

has been in *Nautilus* office longer than any of the others. When Mrs. Towne announced that the \$10 was to go to Leila, the girls broke into quite a hand-clapping, a tribute to Leila's popularity.

The \$5.00 for keeping a neat desk went to May Parker. Several others received honorable mention.

Well, after the prizes were awarded, Mrs. Towne read to the girls Hubbard's famous "Message to Garcia," to keep them from getting swelled heads. When she came to the point where Hubbard tells what a clerk will do if asked to look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of the facts concerning the life of Correggio, she made the following interpolations on her own account:

"If you send him to copy letters he will bring back smudges, after calling on a fellow clerk to help put a roll of paper in the copier.

"If you send him to open a box in the barn, he will come back without the hammer (the girls grin and look at Bobbie, who grins too, and looks sheepish).

"If you send him to address a letter to Keeler, he will ask you if you spell it Koehler, and then he will bring it back addressed to Lee. (This was an actual instance.)

"If you send him for circulars he'll ask 'Where are they?' and then come back and say, 'There aren't any of that kind.'

"If you send him to close the windows, he'll close all but one or two—leave different ones partly closed every time—showing that he does not have method in his work."

These little incidents were all actual happenings in our office, and were read in a humorous style which made more of an impression, perhaps, than a wholly serious talk.

Next the girls were asked to suggest improvements in methods, or give a list of things needed in the offices to make the work easier.

Then we closed the meeting and Mrs. Wheeler and Abbie brought down

dishes of chocolate fudge and stuffed dates, which were passed around, while I told them a few stories to pass the time away.

One of the stories was about two tramps who came along to a house one day and wanted food. The lady told them she would give them something to eat if they would work for it. They consented, and she set them to cleaning some picture frames. After a little the lady came out to see how they were getting along, and one of the men asked her if she knew that whiskey was a fine thing to clean picture frames with. She said she had never heard of it, but would get them some whiskey from upstairs. She brought the whiskey down, and as soon as her back was turned they, of course, drank it. When the lady came back fifteen minutes later the picture frames were shining. She was greatly pleased. "And to think," said she, "that I came near throwing that whiskey out. It was some we used two or three times to bathe little Fido in just before he died!"

May Parker said she remembered that last year when we had the pow wow Mr. Towne said he felt bashful because he was the only man present. This year there was Bobbie. And Bobbie on his stool, between Agnes and Pamela, with a piece of chocolate fudge in one hand and a stuffed date in the other, looked happy and contented with his job—and everybody adjourned—'til next year perhaps, *quien sabe*.

Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * Those of our readers who live in sunny California and far away India, or in other warm corners of the globe, will be interested to know what a real, old-fashioned New England winter we are having here in Holyoke, where *The Nautilus* is printed. One night the mercury dropped to twenty degrees below zero. It has been around the zero point for days at a time. There have been very many stormy days, as well as

cold ones. Today we are having a young blizzard. Mercury ten above zero this morning, and it has been snowing, blowing and drifting at a great rate. The girls telephoned for a baker's wagon about noon and they all staid in during lunch time. The snow is drifted two to five feet deep on the sidewalks. The city snowplow went through the walks this morning, but there is little evidence now of the path they made. And from Oregon word comes that they are shutting down their saw mills because it is so cold, it being twenty above zero.

* * * We have grown some in the past 1900 years. About fifty-five years before Christ, our ancestors, the ancient Britains (inhabitants of the island of "Anglesey") are described as "poor savages, going almost naked, or dressed in the rough skins of beasts." And yet, in some ways we could learn needed lessons from those "poor savages." Many a modern man would give almost anything to possess the hardy vigor and health which was the birthright of those forefathers of ours.

* * * When the Christian religion was first introduced into England, the priest class, the Druids, declared it wicked to believe in this new religion, and cursed the people who did so. But the people found that the sun shone and the rain fell (says Dickens), regardless of the Druid's blessings or curses, and from that time on the followers of the old Druids fell off rapidly.

* * * Some day, in the same way, those who so foolishly like a flock of sheep follow the priests of medicine, the doctors, will find that they, like the ancient Britains, are, to a great extent, worshipping a fetich, and that health can be maintained without obeying the priestly formulas of the M. D.'s.

* * * A physician, if he be a good one, may give you some hygienic advice that is of value. By his cheerful, positive manner he arouses you to confidence, eases your mind and this acts as a suggestion in the way of health. A good surgeon may render aid if you are the kind of person who attracts an accident. But the physician's pills and potions are about as full of virtue as the conjurations of the ancient Druids. In both

cases it is the patient's *faith* that does the healing. The principle of health is not encased in material remedies, notwithstanding the fact that most people still seem to need a material fetich of some sort when they are ill, just as a child needs a rag doll for comfort and encouragement.

* * * Elizabeth and I are reading Dickens' "Child History of England" with as much interest as a kid perusing Grimm's Fairy Tales. Each evening I read one or two chapters, between spells of shovelling coal, and then we try to repeat as much as we can remember of what has been read. The most interesting part—to me—is that which treats of our bare-legged forefathers who contended so valiantly for the possession of their island of "Anglesey" against the Romans, Danes, Picts and Scots. Elizabeth's favorite is Caswallon, the first Angle general, who seemed the first to command a little co-operation among the warring kings.

* * * We have been doing a little census taking among our office force. The replies to the question, "Of what church are you a member," shows that we have among our assistants two Baptists, five Roman Catholics, three Congregationalists, two Episcopalians and one Methodist. Our census also shows that America is fast becoming a cosmopolitan nation, for in the matter of nationality the girls range as follows, although I believe all are American born: Americans, three; Irish, three; French-Irish, one; French-American, one; German-American, two; English, one; Scotch-English, two.

* * * A writer in *The National Magazine* ("The Yellow Peril," February number), gives the Japanese a decided black eye, in connection with their occupation of Korea. He says that three hundred years ago, the Japanese tried to conquer Korea, but their army was almost annihilated in the attempt. From that day to this, says the writer in *The National*, the Japanese have awaited their revenge, and their opportunity came with the Russian war. So far from proving a beneficent protectorate to the Koreans, the Japanese are making them a nation of slaves, so says *The National*.

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

THE CART "Somewhere I have read these

FIRST. words of yours: *'The wildest dreams of socialism will come true.'* Does that mean you are a socialist? If so don't you think more good could be derived from the teachings and practice of new thought if we first strive for an equal opportunity to get the means of life? That is, if the things that nature gave us to use collectively were collectively owned, then we would naturally have more ambition. Three years ago I first heard of socialism. Now I am trying to read everything I can get. I look far into the future and I can see that through socialism and new thought we could build a heaven of this earth, but I cannot see how we *can make any progress through the poorer classes with the new thought until we capture the reins of government first.*

"Now I tell you things are looking blue to me but I'm a beginner in new thought. I am going to fight, and really, I don't know what to fight for but courage and patience, which are the things I pray for. I am twenty-four years old the first of this month and we are *poor* financially but rich in ambition, but this is the way we are situated: My husband (kind and good) is a wage slave and I'm not strong just now. Why? Because in four years and three months I gave birth to four babies; all are well and good, the oldest is five, the baby is one year old. Now, I have no mother nor sister to help out or advise or run in and say a cheerful word. I have to slave to try and bring up those four babies well and clean, and if I can, to educate them, and to get a home. All to be done on \$3.50 per day."—C. P.

You surely have the cart before the horse! Not until human beings wake up to a little new thought will they ever have gumption enough to make the political and economical changes you refer to. The day is dawning, but it takes time.

Personal self-control must always come first. A government is only the reflection of its people, a creation of its people, if you will. To change a government the people themselves must first be changed. New thought must always precede socialism.

And it is not wise to put *too much* thought into socialism! It makes you too dissatisfied, discourages effort in the

directions in which you *can* control your life.

I see no reason why a man should not live well on \$3.50 a day! But it takes new thought to do it! New thought and self-command.

There are people who work *wickedly* hard in this world, and the time is coming when nobody will need to do that just for the privilege of staying on this earth.

But *who works these people but themselves?* If you, for instance, dearie, were to lie down now on your bed and refuse to rise again *who* could make you? Not a soul. And you wouldn't even starve if you did it—somebody would feed you, rest assured of that!

Why don't you refuse to work at all? Why don't you refuse to have so many babies? Why don't you refuse to cook for a lot of men? *Because in your heart you choose the things you do.* You don't choose *not* to work so hard. Another woman in your place would have the babies but she *just wouldn't* do the work. I have known several such, who smiled and let their husbands hustle the living. One such had a husband who let himself be driven into crooked dealings to supply the money she needed. When he could no longer live by his wits he walked off the ferryboat and drowned himself. But the ravens are still feeding that pretty wife who won't work, and all her half dozen children, who are nearly grown now.

You see, the world is bound to do for you what you *won't* do. The reason it doesn't do things for you is because you *will* do them for yourself.

Why do you do them? Because you are built that way—self-built that way. You couldn't live the way this pretty little woman lives—you'd die of shame. You *prefer* work. *She'd* die of shame if she worked! That's the difference.

The kink is always in the individual.

If you were built like John D. you'd have all John D.'s perquisites. If he were built like you he would have your life.

Never mind *who* built you as you are!—God, or "environment," or yourself, or Karma or what not. Never mind how you got into your particular hole. The important fact is that you are there, and you want to get out.

The equally important fact is that you can't make socialism come *now*, because there are a few million other folks whose personal kinks prevent their choosing socialism, and yet other millions who, choosing it, still differ widely as to the proper methods for bringing it about.

But we are all growing, and the millennium's coming fast.

In the meantime you have *new thought*; which, lived up to, will transform you by the renewing of your mind, will help *you* get rid of some of the mental kinks that are hindering the coming of true socialism.

Ask the spirit within you, "What wilt thou have *me* to do *just now*." Ask it daily, hourly.

The spirit will show you how to grow better conditions in your own house and dooryard. It will show you things to leave undone, as well as new things to do. It will show you that peace and comfort and kind words and thoughts, and out-of-doors are of more value than great riches and hard work. It will show you that bread and peanuts well chewed are of greater value and cost less than beef-steak bolted, with worry, hard labor and bickering over the bills. It will show you that plain clothes, plain walls, clean bare floors and no bric-a-brac are rather to be chosen than frills like your neighbors'. Above all it will show you how to be happy though poor and married. It will show you how to vote in the next election, to further the cause of true socialism. It will show you how to work

and how to rest and wait for the fruitage of the world's New Thinking.

PROF. FISHER'S EXPERIMENTS

Many of our readers will remember the call of Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, through *Nautilus*, for information in regard to the effects of vegetarian living upon those who had experience with it.

The professor is still pursuing his work on this line and recently gave out, through the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, the results of some experiments which will surely please our readers who are interested in non-meat living and thorough mastication. Here is a short account of it:

The experiments were made with nine Yale students, and were continued for about five months. Their purpose was to ascertain whether the thorough mastication of food increased its nutritive efficiency, especially its strength-producing efficiency.

The students engaged in the experiments made no change in their occupation or habits of life. They led, for the most part, sedentary lives, with no increase of exercise. They made no arbitrary change in their diet, eating whatever they relished. During the first half of the period, the practice was to thoroughly masticate all food eaten, with attention fixed on getting all the enjoyment possible from it for the palate. It was found that by this manner of eating, the men gradually lost their desire for meat and came to prefer cereals, fruits and nuts. In June, it was found that they had, entirely as a matter of individual preference, reduced their consumption of meat to one-sixth of what they had desired at first. In the middle of the experiment, the men were improved fifty per cent in their power of endurance, and at the end of the term, they were able to do double the amount of physical work, as shown by the gymnasium tests, that they could do in January.

According to Prof. Fisher, "the practical conclusion from these experiments is, that it is in the power of a healthy individual to double his endurance in five months by thorough mastication, prolonging the enjoyment of food and acquiring a more sensitive choice of amounts and kinds to meet the varying daily needs of the body." Unquestionably there is a kernel of wisdom here. It is another demonstration of the old physiological maxim that when the initial digestive operation is properly performed in the mouth, the remaining operations will secure the best nutritive results.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION.

"Which is more effective, auto-suggestion alone or auto-suggestion and hypnotic suggestion combined? Which takes longer?"—P. S.

All depends upon the patient. If he is one of the superstitious, credulous, wondering kind of persons who are easily hypnotized, have little faith in themselves and much faith in the mysterious, he will accept health suggestions more readily if he is first hypnotized. Simply because the fact that the operator can hypnotize him makes him believe he can also heal him. Hypnotizing him puts him in condition to accept further suggestion; hypnotism being itself a form of suggestion.

But an intelligent, self-reliant person who believes in the power of suggestion can do more with suggestion either by himself or another, with *far more lasting results*, than can be accomplished through hypnotism.

There is a cause for this and it lies here:

The man who finds himself responding to his own suggestions gains *confidence in himself* with every little success. He develops and commands his own resources and glories in it. And he *knows* how he does it, and doesn't backslide.

But the man who resigns himself to the hypnotic spell *gains confidence in the other fellow's* power over him. In proportion as he grows in other-fellow confidence he loses in self-reliance. So instead of believing in and using his own powers he depends more and more upon the powers of other people.

In this case he is finally at the mercy of every forceful person who speaks to him. From accepting suggestions under hypnosis from one person he comes to accept any old suggestion from any source that happens along.

His powers, will and reason, atrophy through lack of use.

For this good reason I believe in suggestion without hypnotism, except, perhaps, in rare cases where the operator is *wise and honest* and the patient a weakling or a degenerate. In that case there is nothing to lose and much to gain possibly by a *very sparing* use of hypnotism.

But even in cases of degeneracy it is far better to get along without hypnosis if possible. It takes more skill on the part of the operator, and often more time, to get along without hypnotism; but it is far better to be slow than to risk discouraging the patient's self-confidence.

**IRRIGATION
FORTUNES AND
ABORIGINES.**

Professor Larkin's Irrigation article waked up one of our good Penn Yan, N. Y., subscribers to write me a letter that is just too interesting to repose in even a polished Macey Vertical. Our readers will surely enjoy it, and it may start an exodus of new thoughters to go in and possess this new Canaan of goat milk and honey and health. I'd go myself if I could publish *Nautilus* and herd goats at the same time! If any of our readers get the fever may they gird themselves with gumption and go in and *win*.

Here is Olive Tobey's letter:

I was more than interested in what Prof. Edgar Larkin said about the Irrigation Congress. A year ago this month, when father and I gave our Arcturian Orbit to the world, through the medium of the *New York Journal*, we received letters from all over the country. Among others who wrote to us was Frank Asplind, Government Hydrographer, of Alma, New Mexico.

Mr. Asplind was a Swede, in his native country a remarkably well educated man. His little girl twelve years old, had never been in a church, schoolhouse or railroad train. I am passionately fond of every child. So between making love to the little one and discussing astronomy to the father, we got well acquainted. Then we talked lots of astronomy but more of New Mexico. So I'll give you a few facts that he gave me:

New Mexico was until the Irrigation Congress got to work an arid desert. In prehistoric times, Mr. Asplind tells me it was all irrigated by a prehistoric race who made it bloom like another Eden, but for some reason or other this race disappeared. Mr. Asplind

identifies this ancient race as a branch of the Mayas. I am inclined to identify 'em with the Toltecs and to consider the Pueblo Indians their descendants. I have spent quite a little time among the Pueblo people hunting down the Arcturian year legend which is identical with the Ahezian and Orzamud story of Zoroaster or the "Interior Fire Story" of the Saulteaux-Cree Indians of Upper Canada.

The Pueblo people are irrigationists, their ancestors all practiced irrigation and in fact, they couldn't live in New Mexico and Arizona without irrigation.

The sun shines there three hundred and sixty days every year, the mean average temperature is seventy degrees. Its elevation makes the air as clear and intoxicating as wine. Few things decay, they just dry up. This is due to the minerals in the soil, partially.

Well, whenever an engineer goes at it to locate an irrigation dam, he invariably strikes evidences of older irrigation dams. Along the river gorges are cliff dwellings far antedating any cliff dwelling we have ever heard of, and on the walls are painted **TOED HORSES**.

Well, a certain man who couldn't make a decent living at his trade in one of our big cities, went down to Socorro County, where Mr. Asplind lives, and took up one hundred and sixty acres of government land. The government gives actual settlers one hundred and sixty acres of irrigated land if they'll live on it five years.

All heads of families, single women, deserted wives, old maids and men of legal age can get a quarter section each of this land.

By living on it fourteen months one can buy this land at \$1.50 to \$2.50 an acre.

Now, on this land one can raise flax, hemp, olives, oranges, pineapples, peaches, pears, grapes, lemons, prunes, melons and all sorts of orchard fruit and garden truck.

One can raise poultry, cattle, horses or sheep. One can go down there with only half a lung left and that in bad condition, take up government land, live the open air life and grow new lungs, wax fat and healthy and also wealthy, if they are not lazy.

Down here on this patch of irrigated land, about fifty million acres, one can raise the Angora goat.

All humanitarians, who hate to have the silkworms killed for their silk should rise up and bless the Angora goat. It isn't nice to eat; its milk makes excellent cheese and butter. Its milk is more fattening and better for sick folks, especially "lungers" than cod liver oil.

An Angora goat is like a skye terrier in looks, it is a small, pretty, graceful goat with hair like spun cobwebs. It will eat anything from an Apache blanket to cactii in the rough.

Every goat, Nannie or William, shears from three to five pounds of wool a season and their wool is worth from \$2.50 to \$7.00 a pound in the New York market. They have to be sheltered nights and they have to have a herder, but otherwise they are no expense. The average male costs five, the average female two fifty to start with, and they are good breeders. The sunshine and freedom from moisture of earth

and air makes their hair just about the color and texture of a human baby's first downy curls, only much finer, more glossy and thicker.

This man I am speaking of, had one hundred dollars besides his carfare. He took up government land near the San Francisco branch of the Upper Gila. He spent a few dollars for the dugout and his first "grub-stake," the rest he put into goats. That man now owns his land and has a nice house on it, money in the bank and still his goats double in value yearly.

It is the nearest approach to getting something for nothing in this world that I know of. All one has got to do is to give the goats a chance and they'll grow him rich.

Out of the Angora goat hair silk dress goods, plush cloaks, the best plush hangings, threads, etc., are made. No silkworm can spin a thread as fine and silky and lustrous as the hair of an Angora goat raised on the irrigated land of New Mexico, and the fact that it is irrigated land and such a wonderful dry air makes the difference between goat hair here and elsewhere.

One can get 320 acres of desert land down here. Of public land in New Mexico there are 5,278,100 acres in Chaves County, 3,835,991 acres in Eddy County, 1,573,151 acres in Roswell County. These counties are in the Pecos Valley.

In Mesilla and Rio Grande Valleys are 1,937,436 acres in Dona Ana County, 8,145,683 acres in Socorro County, 1,700,866 acres in Sierra County and 2,019,240 acres in Valencia County. Besides these, in round numbers there are over twelve million acres in counties unnamed, and most all of it is either irrigated or going to be by the government.

A good idea for anyone who is really interested in getting something for nothing would be to write to the Government Reclamation Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. This would get the "Laws." Then write to C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, the A. T. and S. F. Ry. Co., 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill., for the "Free United States Government Lands along the Santa Fe Pamphlet." And if anyone is interested in Angora goats, write to James R. Shelton, Alma, New Mexico.

This will cost one ten cents for the five stamps, one on the outside of all the three envelopes, one inside for a reply, except the letter to the government.

Now Irrigation has done all this I've been telling you of. In 1883 and 1884, the Apache Indians made life miserable for the few scattered settlers.

This Mr. Shelton I mention as a goat raiser, who is getting rich, tells me that the few Apaches left are herdsmen. The Pueblo people never bothered the settlers; they are still in their old, old three or four story cities. They still attend to their flocks and herds and their irrigating ditches, their irrigating fields and their own business strictly. They are the nicest people on earth not of the Caucasian race, and the fact that they are the first Irrigators on our continent makes 'em of interest to all Irrigationists. I wonder if they had a place at this

Congress. They should have been given the very *first place*.

You must ask Professor Larkin for a description of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. That is a cut in the face of the level mesa that takes one's breath away, it is the most glorious thing on earth. You put Niagara into it and it would only make a shining patch of misty water against one little bit of one of those awful, wonderful walls.

Mount Tom would be a molehill in that tremendous gorge and the changing lights and shadows, colors, mists, rainbows and other beautiful miracles of nature, words can't even describe 'em.

You must ask him to tell you of Flagstaff and the Observatory there. That's a great thing.

But, dear heart, the Canyon is the closest thing to the overpowering that exists.

I was talking with a gentleman who was with the English when they entered Lhasa. He says nothing in the Himalayas can compare with this gorge, this Arizona Canyon, and it is true, I fancy, for when this man first looked down into this wonderful gorge he gasped with sheer pleasure.—Olive A. R. Tobey.

TANTRUMS AND REVELATIONS.

If you are at all interested in Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science read Georgine Milmine's series in *McClure's*. This purports to be a dispassionate, accurate and most exhaustive study of Mrs. Eddy and her work.

Read also Mr. Klein's fine article in February *Cosmopolitan*. He is the famous playwright and a staunch Christian Scientist. And read the two or three recent pro-Christian-Science articles in January and February *Human Life* (Boston), one by Alfred Farlow himself.

They say Mrs. Eddy wouldn't condescend to deny the stories about her business and health, but when *McClure's* came out with the statement that she as a little girl was addicted to tantrums she comes right out and says it's no such thing—her mother always asked the other children why they couldn't be nice like her, "always good little Mary."

So far in this battle of the magazines *McClure's* seems to have the best of it, with indisputable documents to substantiate its statements. I'm inclined to think

McClure's series may be unimpeachable as to facts.

If so; if little Mary and Mary up to forty years of age was ever so tantrum-y, hystericky, false, foolish, sick or lazy, it only makes greater by contrast the work she has done since then.

If she was all that, it took *God and a revelation* to accomplish through her what has indisputably been done.

It makes no difference if she got her suggestion and even the name of her book and Christian Science from Quimby, as *McClure's* seems to prove. What of it?

Why didn't Mrs. Crosby or some other pupil of Quimby's do what Mrs. Eddy has? Because Mrs. Eddy alone of them all could receive the necessary inspiration to understand and apply what Quimby was driving at.

"It takes as much inspiration to understand the Bible as it took to write it." That is true as truth. It took inspiration equal to Quimby's *and from the same source*, to save and transform Mrs. Eddy. And she *used* the inspiration according to her constitution, which is essentially different from Quimby's.

Her repudiation of any debt to Quimby only proves one or both of two things: (1) That the revelation was to her so tremendous that she *knew* it came, not from Quimby, but direct from the same Universal Mind that inspired Quimby; (2) That she reveals thus the vanity attributed to her as a child and young woman, and was foolish enough to think the world would forget Quimby.

If both are true, what of it? It isn't the first time wisdom came through unlikely channels.

And the important truth is that Mary Eddy got hold of, and presented to the world something that has transformed the lives of a million or so people. Nothing can change that.

And the rest of us have revelations, too. And some of us may repudiate Mary Eddy even as she repudiates Quimby, and with better reason, never having seen her or read her book.

After all it's THE INDIVIDUAL REVELATION that counts, not the source of the first suggestion that there might be a revelation to the individual. If we look for that we'll have to go farther back than Quimby.

AND THEY DIDN'T! In *Nautilus* for February, 1906, I expressed my views on "Why Some Prophecies Are Not Fulfilled." One of our readers reminds me that I promised to recall that article in 1907, so I've just been rereading it—with a few smiles.

Still more am I convinced that only good prophecies are likely to be fulfilled, *for the One Spirit is working its will through us*. Some evil prophecies may come to pass, but the probabilities are that the One Spirit in us will set in motion forces which will save us from the evil foretold, or at least turn it to beautiful results.

In that 1906 article I mentioned a number of prophecies which had just been made by Mme. Thebes, "Seestern" and Spangler. Here I will note a few of their prophecies which did *not* come true:

(1) The Russians did not wipe the Japs off the map.

(2) No great European war has materialized, even in a nightmare.

(3) No yellow and black races have risen against the whites.

(4) The Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey were not assassinated.

(5) No "two great fires" have occurred in Boston.

(6) Russia and Turkey have not dissolved.

(7) No great religious revival has swept the United States—not in any or-

thodox sense at least. Torrey tried and went home to England disgusted.

(8) Russia has not torn herself into little republics warring with each other.

These eight are, with one exception, all the definite predictions made by those world-famed prophets for the year 1906. And not one was fulfilled.

The other ninth definite prediction was Spangler's statement that the world is coming to an end in 1908. We needn't worry judging from the fate of the other eight.

These prophets made a few glittering generalizations that may be said to have come to pass—"earthquakes, violence, etc., will greatly increase."

Allen's predictions for 1907, in January *Nautilus*, are of the glittering generality order, so his *may* seem to come true. We'll see.

Some prophet here in New England announced one day last summer that Mt. Tom would on a certain day burst into volcanic activity and wipe out Holyoke. Here we are yet. The same man now announces that on February 14, New England will experience what Jamaica just went through. We shall see.

In the meantime, if you aren't ready to die, you'd better get ready *now*. Then you'll live better if you live.

But don't do anything *rash* on the strength of anybody's evil predictions! Read "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and see what happened to one poor old fellow who did!

VIEWPOINTS.

There is nothing more real than a dream.

You do nothing but dream—whether in the day time or in the night time.

If this seems to be an over-statement, show me some of your doings which are not dreams.—J. H. B.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it. Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Wind blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

A few years ago Servia killed off its bad king and queen and Peter succeeded to the throne. But Peter has proved vain, foolish, a poor ruler and the Servians say he must go. But this time there is to be no blood shed. The royal family are to be escorted over the border by the military forces, and told to go in peace. A new king is to be chosen. If no suitable one can be found to accept the honor, a republic is to be established.

A most notable event of 1906 was the separation of Norway and Sweden without bloodshed. This sort of separation has caused the bloodiest wars of history, and Norway and Sweden are the first to effect such by peaceable means.

"The Norwegian parliament has awarded the Nobel peace prize to President Roosevelt for his services in bringing about the Peace of Portsmouth, which ended the war between Japan and Russia. This is the first Nobel prize to be given to an American. The honor of the award is to be shared by all the nation, for what Mr. Roosevelt did for the cause of peace was done by virtue of the people who stood behind him. The President has announced his intention to devote the honorarium of forty thousand dollars to establishing a permanent board of arbitration, or "industrial peace committee," to promote justice and friendship between capital and labor."—*Youth's Companion*.

"The Emperor has promulgated an edict in regard to the constitutional government toward which China is drifting. The edict thus describes the "forward movement" in China: 'Since the beginning of our dynasty there have been wise emperors who have made laws suited to the times. Now that China has intercourse with all nations our laws and political system have become antiquated and our country is always in trouble. Therefore it is necessary for us to gather more knowledge and draw up a new code of laws, otherwise we shall be unworthy of the trust of our forefathers and the people.'—*The Public*.

Fort Scott, Kan., February 2:—The first instance of the general invocation of occultism for assistance in the practical affairs of life will take place next Monday morning, at nine o'clock, when thousands of railway section men

in all the states of the union will, if they respond to the call of the general officers of the National Union of Railway Trackmen, stop work for five minutes and concentrate their minds on thoughts for the success of the union. The annual convention of the order will assemble in this city on Monday, and in the national organ of the brotherhood, *The Trackman*, appears this unique call, set in black type in the center of the front page:

"Many people, and good sensible ones, too, believe in mental telepathy or thought transference. We have an opportunity of testing the efficacy of this theory. On next Monday morning promptly at nine o'clock our convention will begin its deliberations here at Fort Scott. When we convene the presiding officer will request those present to engage for five minutes in silent thought for the success of the union and our absent brothers. We ask each and every member wherever he may be at nine o'clock Monday morning to cease for five minutes whatever work he may be at the time engaged in and join with us at the convention in thinking of the success of the order and its members. Some of you will no doubt consider this a strange request, but we assure you it is made in the best of faith and with the firm belief it will benefit us all. Don't forget brothers, nine o'clock next Monday morning."—*New York Herald*, Sunday, February 3, 1907.

"Every one of us ought to stand ashamed before the people of North Dakota. Just see what the people of that comparatively small state have done. They made up their minds: We want pure food for ourselves and for our children. And then they said to the state: And you must see that we get pure food. So they passed a law, and now every article of food sold in that state must be examined and passed upon for its purity before it can be sold to the people. The state took up the work and found one candy colored with coal-tar dye, and chocolate made of cornstarch; they found benzoic acid and aniline dyes in preserves; olive-oil to be largely cotton-seed oil; and the state said to the concerns who manufactured these humbugs: Here, either be honest or keep your foods out of this state. And now every analysis of a food is published, and every housekeeper knows exactly what to buy, what article is pure and what article is not. Could anything be simpler, or a surer protection to health? Next, said these sensible North Dakota people: We want to know about these patent medicines; what there is in these medicines; whether they are safe or not. And the state got busy. It found indications of alcohol in Paine's Celery Compound in Dr. Shoop's Restorative, in Swift's Specific, in Peruna; it found indications of morphine or laudanum in Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; it found indications of acetanilid in Bromo-Seltzer, and it said in substance to the makers: Either you state the fact on the labels of your bottles that these drugs are in your medicines or keep them out of our state. And now the people of North Dakota know exactly where they stand on this question of 'patent medicines.' And that is precisely what all of us living in other states should know."—*Collier's*.

Anent Books and Things.

When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music.
—E. T.

—"Never Say Die," by J. Wallace-Clarke, comes from the prolific press of L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus E. C., London, England. Price 15 cents.

—"Derolli's Annual for 1907" is a "primer of astrology," with "lucky day lists," etc., for the year. 57 pages, neat paper binding, price 50 cents. Order of A. W. Rideout, 74 Boylston street, room 412, Boston, Mass.

—"Baby-Craft, or Just What to do with the Baby," is a new baby-blue-paper bound, 25-cent book of 47 most useful pages, by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, the best advisor in America when it comes to such things. Address 70 Dearborn street, Chicago.

—"Easy Lessons in Occult Science" is a guide for the development of "sensitiveness, clairvoyance and inspiration," by J. C. F. Grumbine, 24 Strathmore Road, Brookline, Mass. Artistically bound in heavy blue paper, 35 pages; price 50 cents.

—Through some unaccountable happening "Vitality" was transposed to "Vanity" in our "Anent Books" notices in January *Nautilus*. Health Publishing Company's (321 Fifth avenue, N. Y.) new book is "Vitality, How to Acquire and Conserve It."

—A calendar that will repay the possessor every day in the year is the "Peace and Good Will Calendar" issued by the Metaphysical Club, Huntington Chambers, Boston, and made by the famous Taber-Prang Art Company. This has a special message for every day of the year. Price, \$1.00 postpaid.

—Here is Edgar Wallace Conable again! And Louise! In a tiny, little green covered, chipmunk magazine, *Growth*, all their own, to be published monthly at \$1.00 a year, in the interests of their "Hundred-Year League." May it still frisk happily 100 years hence. Address Box 259, Rural 1, Pasadena. You see, Edgar and Louise got tired of the city of angels and turned rural. Hence the green, maybe.

—Here is a handsome calendar that should have been noticed earlier. But it contains so much pertinent and timely information, presented so artistically that even belated purchasers will feel repaid. It is the "Astrological Calendar for 1907," thirteen pages, long, shiny and illuminated; one page for each month with the zodiacal sign, moon phases and characteristics of persons born thereunder. Sent in a box postpaid for fifty cents by the Idea Publishing Company, 603 Mass. Ave., Boston. Compiled by our good friend Emma H. Sherwood.

—Those of our readers who are interested in Prof. Edgar L. Larkin's splendid scientific articles ought to send for his fine book of popular science called "Radiant Energy and Its Analysis." This book is real new thought

science, illustrated with splendid full-page half-tones and innumerable smaller half-tone cuts and diagrams that assist the reader to understand the wonders of which our mountain top professor writes so interestingly. The book is finely printed on coated paper, 325 pages, and attractively bound in blue cloth, stamped in black and white. Price \$1.25, postpaid. Order direct from the author, and while you are about it tell him how much you enjoy his articles in *Nautilus*.

—"In the Fire of the Heart" is the latest, biggest and prettiest of those fine "Life Books" by Ralph Waldo Trine. And I wouldn't wonder if it's the best—which is saying a good deal. This book deals with cosmic things, love, life, beautiful living, socialism and "agencies whereby we shall secure the people's greatest good." I wonder if that wonderful new baby of theirs had anything to do with inspiring this book which tends to better conditions. And that reminds me that I wonder if Dr. Marden's wonderful new boy didn't open his father's prophetic eye to see "Every Man a King." And there's Shelton with another new baby, and writing rhapsodies about madonnas and things. And all these new babies, boys, I believe! Oh, I mustn't forget to say Trine's new book is published by McClure, Phillips & Co., 337 pages. Price \$1.10, postpaid.

—*The Swastika* is the odd name of a very artistic and good, new, little \$1.00-a-year magazine just published by Dr. J. Alex McIvor Tyndall of 1742 Stout street, Denver, Col. Dr. Tyndall calls it "A Magazine of Triumph," and devotes it to all sorts of advanced ideas. May its readers be as the sands of the sea for numbers, and every one with dollars to spare for *The Swastika*. Dr. Tyndall is the lively young man who edits a new thought page in the *Denver Post*, which claims to be the first daily in the world to print a regular page of that sort. Good. It won't be the last. In time every weekly, if not every daily will have some such a department. By the way, I wonder what has become of *George's Weekly*, published at Denver, which was, I believe, the first secular weekly to publish such a page. Denver is a center of progress all right. Is *George's Weekly* still progressing?

—Our old friend William Walker Atkinson resigned his connection with the Senogram Publishing Company, of Los Angeles, Cal., last July, and has since been engaged in writing a new series of lessons which he is now publishing from his new office in the Masonic Temple, Chicago. The title is "*The Secret of Mental Magic*," the sound of which, at least, is calculated to make one sit up and take notice. This William, unlike my own, bless 'em both, is worse than a flea to keep track of! You no sooner think you've got him safe in Los Angeles than behold he pops up in Chicago, and vice versa. Even if you're extra spy you can't catch him! It's a real case of magic, I guess. Maybe we'll be able to keep track of his mental if not his material movements after his new book comes out. More power to his elbow, or whatever it is he uses in his books, skips and thing.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a non de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 58.

Success is this:

To see worldly possessions vanish, friends depart, beauty fade and years increase and to smile ever.

To acquire wisdom, to grow, advance, evolve, aspire, in what the world calls your declining years.

To keep the child heart filled with hope, courage, love.

To smile in the face of disaster, recognizing it as a friend in disguise.

To do distasteful tasks cheerily.

To laugh at vaunted wealth in house or bonds, knowing you hold a life lease on the woods, the waters, the mountains, the sky, the sun, the moon, the air.

To perceive evolution towards God in every form of life.

To feel kinship with your dumb fellow creatures.

To burst the bonds of the physical and to enter the domain of the spiritual.

To actually realize that life is of the spirit, without beginning and without end.

To fear no evil because you know its utter negation.

To see God always, everywhere, absolutely.

To learn that priceless, imperishable possessions are unseen, highest achievement, unspeakable.

To possess the key to the inexhaustible treasures of the universe, and to draw therefrom for daily needs.

To envy no one, knowing that your life is the best possible for you.

To live thankful, trustful, hopeful, helpful, in an endless NOW.—Stella Stuart.

Success letter No. 59.

Assuming that the success most sought after is of a material character, and that ordinary ability may be claimed by the aspirant, the chief requisite towards reaching the required goal is association. If one's lines or associations are cast with a business that is stagnant, or with individuals unprogressive, it is hard. Only genius of the first magnitude will wrench success from such conditions.

On the contrary, if the postulant is fortunate enough to strike the right people and business at the start half the battle is won.

I have in mind two young men, brothers, of equal ability, who some years ago came from the country to a certain eastern city in pursuit of an opening. The oldest thought he had secured the better position, that of clerk with a large transportation company; the youngest had no choice but to join forces at a nominal salary with a struggling hardware store.

Just at this time the air was full of rumors of consolidation of railroad properties, with the result that the office force to which our young friend was accredited was in a state of semi-demoralization, no man seeming to put his heart into his work, or do more than was absolutely necessary to make himself entitled to sign his name to the pay roll. Unfortunately, the contagion was caught by the newcomer, and he is still doing as little as he can to entitle him to draw his weekly wage—which by the way is still weakly in volume.

On the other hand, the young fellow whom circumstances compelled to unlock his fate through the medium of locks and keys and such things handed over the counter, soon found out that all was not gold that glittered (to youth from the country doubtless) on hardware exteriors. The concern to which he became attached was ambitious of expansion though limited in capital, and it was plot and plan day in and day out to do more business and make both ends meet. However, the spirit of hopefulness and progressiveness, with a cheerful willingness to make the best of everything that permeated the place, was caught up

by the young stranger. He had very early, too, become sensible that each little point gained was only arrived at by concentrated work and effort. While others slept there was not a detail of the business that he did not master.

Now in the prime of life he is the possessor of a business establishment of his own compared to which the initial concern in his career is like a department; he is a director in a couple of banks and numerous corporations and altogether one of the notable men of town. Best of all he is not insensible of the value of his early associations, nor chary of lending a helping hand to such as may be in the same boat as he once himself occupied.—P. A. Morgan, Providence, R. I.

Success Letter No. 60.

In our thirty years' experience we were working for success. In earlier years we failed by not choosing an occupation we liked or were adapted to. In later years we have gained by experience, patience, perseverance, and by prompt action as opportunities have opened to us.

Have had good success where it seemed almost impossible, just because there was a desire and will back of the work.—Mrs. Adria Wheeler Brown.

Success Letter No. 61.

To my mind one of the "Things That Make For Success" is the faculty of calculation, or the state of being prepared to meet and overcome obstacles and difficulties that might arise in whatever we undertake; before one enters upon a matter, the chances pro and con should be fully considered, and if one finds that he would be unable to successfully meet and overcome opposition, the task had better be left undone.

A really successful man is one who anticipates and calculates on what he will have to meet, and is prepared at every stage of the game. It gives him confidence and all his doubts and fears vanish, because his success is certain. I therefore reiterate that the faculty of calculation is one of the "Things That Make For Success."—Frederick E. Young, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Success Letter No. 62.

Success is enjoyment!

Think of what you enjoy doing best in this wide world—and go do it. The whole-hearted action alone can reach perfection. You are a delight and help to us as long as you express joy in all your moves.

Man, flowers, birds are successes only as they get joy out of life, thrive and express it in their own peculiar, happy way. My fern in my office is as big a success as any

man I know of—everything loves it—it does not work very hard nor plan to please, but it has a lot of good common sense—spreading its graceful leaves toward the sun, drinking the fresh water and demanding the window to be kept open wide. When its joy is greatest, out of its strength my fern brings forth some new leaves. Not from duty, but through sheer delight of living. Who would be lazy that has once experienced the joy of action? Life is not duty, but it is your duty to LIVE, and let us hear the echo of your happy heart. Give us your kisses and smiles and you have reached success—the joy of being!—Josephine G. Lewis, Los Angeles, Cal.

Success Letter No. 63.

No great success is ever obtained without more or less sacrifice. Two months ago, I fell on the ice and fractured two ribs on my left side. I could not draw a long breath, neither could I lie on that side. Nevertheless the next morning I assumed the right mental attitude and went to work, and I have not lost a single hour since my fall.

We are surrounded by thousands of thought waves, and if we are in the right mental attitude and obey these different thought waves as they manifest themselves to us we can then say, "It is well with my soul."

When people are sneering at our ideals and saying all manner of evil about us, it requires a good deal of the right mental attitude combined with one of those very important thought waves, sometimes called *Tact*, to enable us to keep our mouth shut, for it is only in this way that we can win victory. We cannot aim too high. We should not be satisfied to equal, but aim to surpass all true and honest records that have ever been made.

There may be those who think all they have to do to win success is to assume the right mental attitude, then fold their hands and wait for "Showers of Blessings." But complete Success comes only to the one who is willing to work. To all who have not succeeded I would say: First, place yourself in the right mental attitude. Then with your mind on your ideal, be strong, persevere, make every effort, do your duty. And success must come.—Charles E. Dane, Lowell, Mass.

The voting to decide for the best Success Letter published in our February *Nautilus* results in a tie with three strings to it. The following three letters received equal numbers of votes: No. 54, written by Sarah Jane Deadwick; No. 55, by L. P. Smith, and No. 57, by Lisetta Thomas Robinson. We thank them for their good letters, and ask each one to let us know to whom we may send the promised subscriptions—two for each prize winner.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

E. M. H.—You probably bake the beans too fast. They should cook *very* slowly, in a covered pot. The "curdling" of the milk in which they are cooked does no harm, but it will not be noticeable if the oven is slow enough and the beans covered.

J. W. M.—Goodness! Our "New Thought in the Kitchen" editor doesn't advocate five meals a day. Nor do I. We give you a choice of two luncheons or a supper, with one dinner, for the reasons that some people eat dinner at noon, while others eat it at night, and where the meal is very simple, as for luncheon or supper, a single menu does not afford choice enough. The breakfast is given for those who eat three meals a day. The *Nautilus* believes firmly in *one and a half* meals a day, dinner at noon and a very light supper at six.

A. S. G.—*Anything* is possible to him that believeth! The same methods of faith and affirmation are good in all manner of ills. "Speak the Perfect Word," as Paul Militz said. Don't speak to your deaf ears, but realize and affirm your spiritual hearing which is perfect. And don't live indoors and stuff your stomach. One old man here in Massachusetts has regained his hearing by living a year on nothing but *peanuts and bread* chewed to a liquid. He didn't even expect to regain his hearing as a result. He did it for his "General health," and the hearing came along at the same time. Do you want to hear badly enough to pay the price?

F. M.—By all means let that fourteen-year old child keep as far as possible away from spiritualistic seances. The warning she received was for her own good. Any person who urges a child to "develop" as a medium is that child's worst enemy, whether he knows it or not. No amount of spirit messages are worth a row of pins compared to the health and individuality of one child. What do you want spirit messages for anyway, unless they come to you direct and unsought? You want them either for pure amusement; or for sentimental reasons; or else you want them to *confirm you in doing what you want to do*. Once in an age you may want spirits to tell you where to find something, in which case the spirits may tell you the truth once in a *hundred* ages. Spirits don't tell you or anybody enough useful truth to pay for jeopardizing any child's

health and strength of mind. And to urge anybody to "develop" against desire and will points to certain disaster.

L. S. W.—Yes, I believe 99 cases of displacement out of 100 can be remedied without the knife, and that three-fourths of the rest are not cured by even surgery. One of McFadden's \$1.00 books, "Power and Beauty of Superb Womanhood," ought to point the way for those women who have found no relief by mental or other means. Plenty of healthy, vigorous exercising of the whole body, *without corsets*, will do wonders in restoring all organs to normal position and strength. A healthy, happy mind does the rest. And healthy, exhilarating exercise tends to healthy, happy minds. And vice versa. Many women and doctors greatly exaggerate the importance and evil effects of displacements. Rarely does any woman go through life without some degree of displacement, generally without knowing it, unless her nerves get into bad condition through *some other* cause. I doubt if such troubles are ever a cause of nervous troubles. *It is the nervous troubles, brought on by emotional excesses, anger, worry, impatience, unhappiness, etc., that cause local flaccidity and inflammation.* Cure the mind and emotions of these disturbances and the organs will right themselves without special treatment. I'd be willing to wager that this is true in at least 999 cases out of 1,000.

E. L. P.—My dear girl, *you are on the right track*. If only more folks would resolve and stick to it, as you and your husband have, "*to let NOTHING come between you,*" the preachers wouldn't need to agitate the divorce matter. And you are acting wisely in this matter to let your husband alone in his anti-new thought sentiments. Just be your own natural, loving self and *trust him* to see the truth in due time. He certainly will. The greatest thing you can do for him is to *live new thought for yourself*. You may depend that if he finds you growing happier, sweeter, brighter, more *full-of-faith* and attractive, his prejudices will melt away and he'll begin to want the thing that has helped you. Oh, yes, the really *believing* wife *does* "sanctify the husband," no matter how set he is to begin with—if they will only stick to their principle of "letting nothing come between." Just you trust *results to the spirit that is already working* in him, while you live your part of love and joy. I have seen whole families brought into new thought or Christian Science by one member living it. I believe the principle will ALWAYS work, as attraction or gravitation always work. The only thing is to see that you don't inhibit the spirit's work by your own impatience and unfaithfulness. Live love!

Shamrock Philosophy.

Original Commentaries on Time-Honored Sayings, by Patrick Muldoon; also some "Ould Sayin's lately made up by the Muldoons Thimsilves."

ISABEL GOODHUE.

"Turn the Best Side to Dublin."

That's the way they puts it in the ould counthry, an', "Put the bist foot for'ard," they sez on this side the wather, but I'll tell ye a thrick that's better yit, —kape both of thim sides of yourn akally tidy, an' thin folks frum all quarters 'ill be admirin' ye.

It boosts up yer sper-rits an' saves a hape of botherin' not to hev nothin' around ye that ye're thryin' to hide.

"An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure."

Yis, sez I, an' if the boss hed moved thim brick bats out of sight, as I was advisin' 'im to, the compney wouldn't be shpindin' their money a-mendin' the skulls of their non-union worukmen, an' patchin' the windys, sez I.

An' the old woman shpakes up, "There'll be bodies to be mended as long as men carries brick-bats in their hearts," sez she.

"Don't Blame it on Luck: Him that Fools wid Billy-Goats Must Expect to go Schprawlin."—Patrick Muldoon.

The last time me by Dennis come home he was falin' that plased wid himsilf that when he wint by where old Billy wuz atin' whut hed ben put out fer 'im, he slapped 'im on the back, an' sez he, "Hillo, old by," an' at the same time he turned the pan over wid his fut, an' wint on whistlin'.

Well sir, old Billy jist got a schteady gaze on 'im, then put down his head an' charged like a rigiment wid banners flyin', an' attackin' Dennis in the rear sent 'im a-layin' in the dirt an' ivery time he tried to rise Billy'd give 'im another wan.

It tuk me an' Mike McCarthy, both iv us, to pacify 'im, an' to git Dennis away frum 'im.

"Look at me luck," sez Dennis, "me nose a-bladin' an' me best clothes a' moppin' the dirt."

"Don't blame it on luck," sez I, "if ye fool wid Billy-goats ye must expect to go schprawlin'," an' thin, sir, I knowed I'd made up another iv them sayin's.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

THE PASSING OF THE HIRED GIRL.

MRS. N. W. LYON.

I think it was Frances Willard of "blessed memory," who said the name "Servant" must be eliminated, before the "help question" for the home could be solved.

As the years go by, instead of decreasing, the difficulty in securing competent help for housework increases. The many avenues to earn a living, open to woman, compared with twenty-five years ago, and the fact that house work is never done, makes the problem more difficult.

So much of the comfort and health of the family depends on the girl in the kitchen, that we may not always give her the consideration we should. There is no place where the golden rule can be practiced to better advantage than between "mistress and maid."

I do not believe, as some claim, that the higher education of women is wholly responsible for the dearth of maids or cooks in the home. Herbert Spencer's definition of education is "That which fits us for our environments." The dignity of labor is not emphasized enough to our young people.

It will be taught in time in the home, just as it has been taught in the sick room. Some of us can remember when trained nurses were not to be had, and neighbors assisted the family in caring for the sick. Now, the trained nurse is a power, the educated and refined girls, sometimes from families of wealth, take up nursing as a profession. In her training the greatest and most menial labor has to be gone through with before she gains her diploma. So in household matters, the Domestic Science departments of our universities will bring about a change in furnishing help in the home. One such school, whose instructors are men and women of ability, had an enrollment, last year, of two hundred students ranging in age from fourteen to seventy-eight, including college graduates.

These girls, unless they marry, will teach it to girls who have had fewer opportunities to learn. It is supposed that a girl who is a graduate of a Domestic Science College, and later becomes the mistress of her own home, can make \$1 go as far as the ordinary housewife can make \$3 go.

(Continued on page 44, column 1.)

It is no mystery why men should claim them so quickly for wives. In my travels North and East this summer, the same cry for "help" in the homes was on all sides. In fact the conditions were worse, in some places, than in Kansas. Wages are double what they were ten years ago, and far better than store or factory offer. "The distressed American housewife, with money in her hands, sits all day in the employment bureau at certain seasons, and is spurned by American labor." (*Saturday Evening Post*.) Women stranded with families of little children, or a house full of guests, could not "Corral" a servant by "love, money, or physical force," to cook the plainest meals. We

A Friend's Tip

70-Year-Old Man Not too Old to Accept a Food Pointer.

"For the last twenty years," writes a Maine man, "I've been troubled with Dyspepsia and liver complaint, and have tried about every known remedy without much in the way of results until I took up the food question.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts food, after I had taken all sorts of medicines with only occasional, temporary relief.

"This was about nine months ago, and I began the Grape-Nuts for breakfast with cream and a little sugar. Since then I have had the food for at least one meal a day, usually for breakfast.

"Words fail to express the benefits I received from the use of Grape-Nuts. My stomach is almost entirely free from pain and my liver complaint is about cured. I have gained flesh, sleep well can eat nearly any kind of food except greasy, starchy things and am strong and healthy at the age of seventy years.

"If I can be the means of helping any poor mortal who has been troubled with dyspepsia as I have been, I am willing to answer any letter enclosing stamp." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. There's a Reason."

are now in a transition stage, and in the meantime what is the delicate mother with little children, and perhaps moderate means to do?

I believe in cutting off all the "frills" from the home that exhaust the housewife's strength. For instance adopt as far as possible, or as your family will consent, the "Uncooked food diet."

"To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals." Do away with some of that bric-a-brac, to handle and dust. A friend of mine whose husband was pastor of a large church on the Pacific Coast, had a family, and also very delicate health, besides the duties that fall to a pastor's wife, she had a large house and only one *untrained* Chinaman to do the work.

In order to get through each day's duties she adopted the Physical Culture suit, and for fear the brothers and sisters of her church might be shocked, she had a very handsome wrapper with long train, which had been given her, which she hung in a convenient place near the kitchen, and when callers came, she quickly donned this robe over her bloomers and presented herself to her friends. They would often say, "How can you look so nice, when you do so much housework?" She would reply, "It's the easiest thing in the world," but never explained. In the position she was in, for the sake of harmony and peace, perhaps it was wise to do this, but why look at the bloomer costumes in this way.

If young girls can give exhibitions before large audiences, in Physical Culture, and it is quite proper they should, why is it not also proper for the matron to adopt this costume in her home, during the morning hours, when so much has to be done to put the house in order, and prepare the dinner. It gives free use of every muscle, and certainly would save the strength of the housewife. She is weighed down by skirts that half the time must be pulled out of the way or she will fall going up or down stairs.

If men would take a woman's place in the house, don her clothes, and do the work, before one hour's trial they would adopt the bloomer costume. "Men march unfettered and proudly around in much the same garments, that have much the same shape that their great-grandfathers wore a century ago," (a prominent woman), hence their greater strength.

In the animal kingdom the female is the stronger. Twenty-five years ago it was fashionable for a woman to be weak and delicate, now thanks to golf and basketball, and last but not least, physical culture, the opposite is the fashion—why not adopt a common sense cos-

tume in doing the housework? I would not advise the bloomer costume, as the home costume, nor would I advise the housewife to don a décolleté long train ball dress, to cook a dinner or sweep a room.

If the bloomer is too extreme, add a short skirt, similar to the bathing costume. In some places in the East, families are abandoning their large houses, and going into apartment houses, with one maid, rather than cope with a half dozen servants in the present condition of affairs. It is often the case, the smaller the family, the larger the house.

Small houses can be made as attractive and convenient as large ones, and they cut off any amount of care.

"And to those who are not rich, I would say for their *consolation*, what almost none of them will however believe, that limitation of *wants* is better than extension of income; since the former lessens care, while the latter inevitably increases it." (From the Chronicles of the Sid.)

A woman should do all she can to conserve her strength in this transition age of the girl question. "The Simple Life" is the only life for tired nerves and muscles, and by adopting it, the house will be a haven of rest and comfort.

By so doing more time can be gained to live in the open air and study nature. More time to cultivate the mind, and the family will be in better health and happier, because mother is not worn to the verge of nervous prostration by her never ending cares.

Here is an afterword
ANOTHER YOUNG ONE. of that interesting
 symposium we held
 not long ago with our Live-Forever
 friends. We'll add it here, by way of
 postscript:

Have enjoyed *Nautilus*, especially the letters. Am going to add my mite after Christmas. Wish to tell that lady who asked if she were too old to take it up. Never! I was old and now I am young! Thanks to mental science! Help us if you can to get along faster. Yes, I know a mushroom grows in a night and an oak in years, but if we knew how to use the mighty power of mind couldn't we grow faster? Thanks for what we have read.—S. L. GOULD, Punta Gorda, Fla.

No Mistake Here

Discovery of a Proof Reader.

Even a proofreader may make mistakes unless careful reading is maintained all the time.

It makes a lot of difference sometimes, just how a thing is read.

This is the tale:

"'No tea and not one drop of coffee,' ordered the doctor—and I rebelled. But alas, with nerves that saw, felt and heard things that were not, rebellion was useless.

"With the greatest reluctance I gave up these lifelong companions, and drank milk, milk—until the very step of the milkman grew hateful.

"My nerves were some better, but breakfast without some warm beverage grew wearisome, and bid fair to be entirely slighted. And with a brain that for nine hours daily must work hard, ever demanding nourishment, the failing appetite was a serious proposition.

"Then in despair, Postum was tried. I had tasted it once and heartily disliked the pale watery compound, but now, literally starving for a hot drink, I read and re-read the directions on the package with the critical eye of the proofreader, following them out to the letter and lo! the rich brown liquid of the advertisements.

"Not one but three cups disappeared and since then Postum has been my sole warm beverage, unfailingly refreshing and helpful; both body and nerves testifying to its helpfulness by new strength and vigor." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

We always pay double for what
 we get for nothing.—Durinton.

The poets are, unconsciously, the new
 thought writers of the race.—William
 E. Towne.

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